TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE.

It is the fashion to slur and criticize the Toronto Street Railway. It is the fashion to damn (metaphorically speaking) all street railways, but more particularly our own. So much is it the custom to jump on this local corporation; stamp on it, and find nothing to it save faults, that we are quite likely to overlook the possibility of there being another side. The cars, for instance, are cleanly, at least by comparison with other cities. They operate with a fair degree of regularity, while the motormen have not yet formed the habit of running over one at a street crossing. The conductors are civil and obliging, and they are as a class cleanly. Lastly, and perhaps foremost in the eyes of the average citizen, the fares are moderate; for, as a matter of fact, Toronto is to-day receiving as much for its money as any city on the continent. The mistake which the management of the Toronto Street Railway made in the old days was its "public beliggered" attitude, assumed and carried out under the immediate administration of William Mackenzie. Now, however, the public deals with the suave personality of Robert J. Fleming, and there appears to be an improvement in this department. Bob Fleming is a diplomat; at least he bears that reputation. When in the old days the managers of the Toronto Street Railway should have been good natured they wrangled, and when they should have given way in minor details they were as stubborn as a Missouri mule. Thus it is that at the present moment the local traction company is reaping the whirlwind of its former dealings with the people, for Toronto now refuses to see one redeeming feature in the entire situation.

Any street railway catering to a large population such as Toronto possesses, and depending upon surface lines for its cars, is bound at certain periods every twenty-four hours to give what can very frankly be called a poor service. In other words, the strap holder is a feature in the landscape. But Toronto has no monopoly in this respect. You can see them hanging on in much the same fashion in any large centre of population; even in New York, where you have the surface lines, the elevated and the under-ground. It's the old story of bringing the entire industrial population from the four points of the compass to a common centre; taking four or five hours to do it, and then attempting to redistribute them again, all within a space of an hour or two. The railway falls down and the sufferers write their grievances for the papers. Sufficient cars to haul all this moving population within the hour, comfortably and without crowding, is not, upon surface lines alone, a proposal which would appeal to any long headed business man. Cars and men to work them, not to speak of electrical power, would in such an event lie fallow at least twenty hours out of every twenty-four. But more important from a public standpoint would be the tendency to block the streets in a fashion that would call forth protestations from all sides. Here are insurmountable difficulties to begin with. What are the alternatives? There are several in sight. First, public ownership; a doubtful proposal when the experiences of other centres are considered. Every Scotchman maintains, and with a great deal of truth, that the municipal tram service of Glasgow is the best in the world. But we are not Scotch as a race, and lack the Scotchman's facility for managing municipal affairs successfully. Second, the construction of either overhead or underground lines; underground preferred. This is a matter still so far in the future that it can be dismissed for the moment. The third alternative is to allow the present company to operate its lines to the best possible advantage, and this can be done only when the Toronto Street Railway sees a future ahead of it.

A corporation, like an individual, refuses to do its best under the gad of slurs and criticisms, curses and kicks. What is needed occasionally is a boost, and in my opinion this boost can best be given by coming to some understanding with the Toronto Street Railway management as to an extension of lines and a betterment of service, coupled with an extension of contract. No corporation is going to do its best with nothing ahead of it but the scrap heap after an interval of ten years or so—or when the present contract comes to an end.

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THE decision of the Privy Council making it obligatory for the Grand Trunk Railway to operate a passenger service between Toronto and Montreal at a fare not exceeding two cents a miles, does not mean much beyond the fact that contracts like laws are made to be obeyed—sometimes. The people of Canada have not been trained to riding in third-class coaches, such coaches at least as will likely be utilized on this service. In all fairness to the railways it may be said that the time has not arrived when Canadian common carriers can make ends meet with a two cent fare. The distances are too great and the population as yet too small. In the State of Pennsylvania the two cent fare is everywhere in force and the railways manage to make a living and a little beside. But Pennsylvania has a population almost as large as that possessed by all Canada, and that within a territory smaller than any of the larger provinces. The time will come, however, when a two cent fare will be an ample remuneration for our own roads, and then it will be time enough to force the issue.

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ON the twenty-fourth of next month Lord Charles Beresford, Admiral of the British Channel fleet, will retire from active service. The world loves a fighter, on a warship or in the field of active politics, and Charles Beresford has been both. A jolly, rollicking, hot-headed, capable "sea-dog," Admiral Beresford has long filled the eye of the British nation. On naval matters his voice reached farther than that of any man of our day, and it was to him chiefly that we owe the birth of the present British navy. Beresford did not fear that awe-inspiring body, the British Admiralty. When he thought they were wrong he said so, and to his credit it may be stated that he was generally in the right, for he had qualities of direction and generalship of a high order. His methods, however, stirred up bitter animosities in high places, and severed friendships of long standing. Lord Charles Beresford has served in the British Parliament on more than one occasion, and it is intimated that he again will enter the sphere of active politics, in which case he would naturally create some discomfort in Government circles as regards naval matters. All in all, the retiring Admiral was a man for whom the Anglo-Saxon nations have a deep regard, but best of all, perhaps, he was most deeply loved by the jackies of the navy. No man in our time has been so deeply venerated by the men before the mast.

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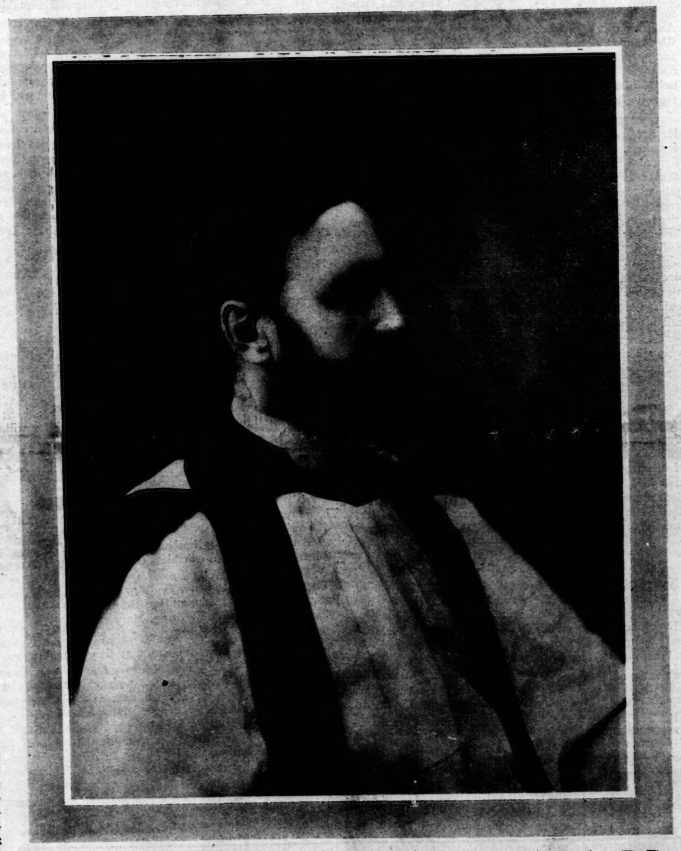
THE battle of ballots is over and the Venerable Archdeacon J. Fielding Sweeny, M.A., D.D., becomes Bishop-elect of Toronto. Like the recent election of Dean Farthing to the Bishopric of Montreal the contest in the present instance was between laity and clergy, though for vastly different reasons. Here in Toronto it was a try-at-arms between the high and the low church, between Trinity and Wycliffe, while in Montreal the battle was waged upon personal grounds rather upon points of ecclesiastical dogma. In neither instance were the original contestants elected. Each party stood by its guns, and a compromise was the only possible solution. To the outlander, who from a distance looks upon such contests, their insistent similarity to the ordinary primary is noticeable. Human nature, it seems, is much alike, in the church and out of it. Judging from the reports in the daily press the adherents of this or that candidate were not above utilizing methods familiar both in Federal and provincial politics. A prayer is offered for spiritual guidance, and then the leading spirits proceed to "lobby" for their chosen candidates. The Synod finds itself divided into a half dozen camps—large and small—and the work proceeds. The questions of the day that are vital to the world and to the church were relegated to the background while the ecclesiastical party whips kept their adherents in line. The laity lent their support to the low church candidate and the clergy rallied to the high churchman. The personality of the respective candidates was for the moment thrust into the background. Thus we step back a century or more, for it would seem that the time had passed when the minute questions of low church and high church are vital to the human race. The church stands for something bigger and better than this. It stands for the broadening and bettering of the human race, and these ends are unattainable when fettered by the narrow lines of "party."



The Venerable Archdeacon J. Fielding Sweeny, M.A., D.D., Bishop-elect of Toronto.

Photograph by Herbert E. Simpson, 108 Yonge street.

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ALL kinds of strange reasons have been given in the divorce courts why those, whom God had joined, should by man be put asunder. But surely one of the strangest reasons ever alleged is that brought forward by Margaret Illington, of theatrical memory, as sufficient cause why she should cease to be the wife of Mr. Frohman, also a celebrity of stageland on the financial side. A thwarted desire for domesticity—the darning of socks and bringing up of babies are mentioned as details—is the charge. Miss Illington herself, to give her her better known name, has explained all this in many interviews at a Californian sanitarium, where she is recovering from a nervous breakdown attributed to a lack of buttons to sew on masculine shirts and an absence of trousers to press for masculine limbs. And talking about interviews, it occurs to me that Miss Illington's liberality to reporters in this respect indicates a resignation to newspaper notoriety not usually associated with domesticity. But, of course, this is merely an impression.

There is a moral to all this, however, and that is my apology for bringing the subject up. The moral is for married men, and it is to the effect that if they wish to live in marital happiness they should take care to provide their wives with plenty of socks to mend and all the other domestic duties that a woman's heart craves. Instead, therefore, of putting themselves to inconvenience in the evenings by dragging off to a show with the mistaken idea of affording their consort congenial amusement, let them sit down comfortably at home with their pipe and their paper and their slippers—nice, easy old slippers that slide up and down at the heel and wear lovely big holes in their socks. Let them pull the buttons off their shirts, and let them kneel long at their devotions so that their trousers may require much pressing. If they could also manage to tear the said trousers occasionally, it would help very much. Wifey is bound to find that a great treat. These are merely a few suggestions thrown out at random for the instruction of husbands in the new science of wife-culture. Those desiring further information cannot do better than study the daily lectures on the subject delivered by the founder of the science, Miss Illington, from her Californian pulpit.

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A STORM of comment—and comment of a generally unfavorable nature—has been aroused throughout the country by the prosecution of Editor Joseph Pulitzer, of The New York World, Editor Delavan Smith, of The Indianapolis News, and other prominent American newspapermen by the United States Government. As is generally known, the ground of the libel suits is the charge published in certain newspapers that a coterie of financiers, including the brother of the Presjdent-elect Taft, had made something like $36,000,000 out of the purchase and sale to the American Government of the Panama Canal. On the ground that the publication of such statements was a direct attack on the Government of the United States, President Roosevelt has directed a state prosecution of the editors involved. They have been arrested and summoned to Washington to undergo trial, a true bill having been found against them by the Federal Grand Jury.

Now that it is plain that President Roosevelt intends to carry out his expressed intention of prosecution, it occurs to one to wonder if he is not making the great mistake of his career, and making it at a particularly unfortunate time, too, when he is about to retire from the Presidency and when a final bad impression of this kind is bound to be a lasting one. The truth or untruth of the allegations made by the accused editors forms no part of the present discussion, which centres altogether in the wisdom or unwisdom of such a prosecution. Even if the statements of Editors Pulitzer and Delavan Smith are false and libelous, should they be prosecuted by the commonwealth of which they form part? Is theirs a sin against the state?

In the first place, it should be pointed out that the question of the Panama canal, in the discussion of which these editors have fallen upon evil days, is a great public question, of supreme interest to the whole public of the United States. It is not one of these smaller and more personal matters, where the raising of a controversy might be attributed to personal spite. It is a question which should be discussed, and discussed with the very largest measure of freedom. In this way, and this way only, can the rights of the people be properly protected. So great a man and so conservative a statesman as Burke pointed out that a free press, where great public questions might be discussed with absolute freedom, was the only bulwark of popular rights. It is, of course, perfectly true that such absolute liberty may lead to abuses and very serious ones. It has done so before now, and in all human probability will continue to do so. But the principle remains none the less good; the position of the press should remain none the less secure, despite the abuses which it shares with every other great institution of mankind.

It is for these reasons that the action of President Roosevelt seems to be of such a revolutionary character. It is revolutionary because of its unexpected and violent return to a policy long since obsolete in free countries; and as such it has a world-wide interest and importance. In lands where a free press is a reality and in those where it is an optimistic fiction, people are alike concerned in the outcome of this remarkable case. If such outcome is unfavorable to the editors, even though in their articles they may have passed the lawful and proper boundaries of public discussion, its results cannot but be generally unfortunate. The punishment of these men may indeed aid in restricting reckless and irresponsible journalism, which is quite a desirable object, but it will also hamper public discussion, which is not at all to be desired. Nor does this apply to the United States alone. On the contrary, its restraining influence is bound to spread to other countries. Where there is a free press it will act the part of a bug-a-boo, a sword of Damocles. In countries where the press does not enjoy complete liberty it will strengthen the hands of the dictators.

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GRADE crossings are to become a thing of the past in Canada, and that in a hurry, if one may judge from the present attitude of the Minister of Railways. However, at best the reform will be a slow process and a most expensive one. It is all very well to say with one wave of the arm or one sweep of the pen that we will have no more grade crossing on our railways, but who is to pay the bill? Mr. C. M. Hays, general manager of the Grand Trunk, is quoted as saying that the elimination of their three thousand level crossings would cost the modest sum of $50,000,000. This being the case, it would be safe to put down the Canadian Pacific at $75,000,000, and the balance of the Canadian roads at goodness knows how many more millions. The Minister of Railways might begin in a modest way, abolishing all grade crossings within a given area of the larger centres and then extending the work slowly and steadily to the more sparsely settled communities. With the annual slaughter brought about by grade crossings, this continent is paying the penalty for its newness and its size. On the lines of English railways the level crossing is unknown, but the Tight Little Isle with its thirty millions of people is but a flea bite in comparison with this great continent and its hundreds of thousands of miles of railways. When we get a population as large in comparison as that possessed by England, and it will come in time, there will be no level crossings on our railways. They will disappear as they have in the most thickly populated centres of the United States.

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AMONG a number of proposed amendments to the Election Act which are expected to come up during the present session of the Ontario Legislature, is one which makes provision for the voting of men who are obliged by their business to be away from home on polling-day. No official announcement, however, has been made on this subject by the Government, and so the precise means of effecting this very desirable purpose have not yet been explained to the public. But it is said that the arrangement will in all probability be one whereby men who foresee their absence on polling day can, within a certain specified time before election, cast their vote in ballot boxes set aside for that particular purpose.

Whatever may be thought of the means used to enable travellers and sailors and railway men to vote, there can be no question of the necessity of something or other being done for this purpose. For many years this has been a standing grievance among a large and important class of men, who have been kept out of their proper share in the public affairs of the country, on account of the narrow and hidebound method of balloting. The Commercial Travellers' Association, especially, has repeatedly petitioned both the Federal and Provincial Parliaments for some redress in this matter, but so far their efforts have been unavailing. Now, however, in this province, at least, it seems that a move will finally be made towards removing this disability from a large number of Canadian citizens.

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A GOOD deal of nonsense has been written by Canadian journalists respecting the pending Waterways Treaty now before the United States Senate for ratification. According to various papers it was taken for granted that this country had again sold her birthright for the usual mess of diplomatic pottage. At the last meeting of the Canadian Club, Toronto, Mr. George C. Gibbons, K.C., one of the Canadian Commissioners to frame the treaty in question, was the speaker of the occasion, and he took pains to enlighten his hearers upon several heretofore dark, but at the same time, much discussed points. In the first place Mr. Gibbons stated that the members of this International Tribunal had discussed and adjusted the various points at issue with the utmost harmony. As he pointed out, no lasting and permanent arrangement can be made between nations without each giving the other a square deal. The disposition of the United States

representatives had, he said, been fair and above criticism from the first. They had met as friends and brothers, and there was no idea of doing other than harmonize the interests of the two nations. No advantages had been sought by either side. The principle of equal division had been agreed upon in every instance and had been maintained from start to finish. As regards the Niagara Falls adjustment Mr. Gibbons pointed out that Canada had received all that she was entitled to; in fact more was given by the United States than was asked of her. Whether or not the treaty works out in a manner to meet Mr. Gibbons's optimistic views, is a question which has its solution in the days to come. In any event, however, such conferences between men of the two nations can result in nothing but good. No nation has a monopoly of uprightness, brains and gentility, and to know and admire some of our neighbors as Mr. Gibbons evidently does is something accomplished. Mr. Gibbons's address before the members of the Canadian Club was most opportune, and his advocacy of a permanent commission whose business it would be to adjust these controversial international questions appealed to his hearers and met with their unqualified approval.

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SERIOUS crimes committed in the rural districts have again and again called attention of late to the inadequacy—one might almost say, to the entire absence—of police protection in those parts. The local constabulary has proved to be an entire failure, and seeing how it is organized it is difficult to understand how it could well be anything else. The village constable is seldom chosen for his mere ability to uphold law and order, and as often as not his business and other interests make his police duties little more than a polite fiction. In this way the rural districts are left almost wholly unprotected against criminals, whether home-bred or imported from the great centres. That these criminals have been taking advantage of their opportunities is abundantly evident from the newspaper reports of recent date.

A remedy for this state of affairs should be found, and it seems to lie in the institution of a body of mounted police similar to those who have become famous the world over as the North-west Mounted. The splendid work of these men in maintaining the rule of the law over the vast areas intrusted to their care shows what can be done in this respect. It must be remembered, too, that the people they have to do with are not the most amenable in the world, made up as they are in very large measure of Indians and rough pioneers, amongst whom might is very apt to be confounded with right. What the mounted police have been able to accomplish in these wild regions is too well known to require detailing here; and is mentioned merely as an earnest of what a similar organization could do in the rural districts of Ontario. It would seem to be the one solution of the difficult problem of rural protection.

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IN the old days of the untamed prairie countless herds of buffalos were wiped out because people would not leave them alone. Now the unfortunate animals perish for exactly opposite reasons, and the city of Winnipeg has lost a fine herd because they were left so entirely alone that they perished of tuberculosis. There are only two wretched survivors of the erstwhile second largest herd in the Dominion. This seems a shameful thing to have happened. Of course, it is perfectly true that the buffalos are of no practical use in the world. They are not available as beasts of burden or as food to any extent; and no one would for a moment consider breeding them as a commercial proposition. But they have a use far above that of mere market value. They are the last and finest relic of a state of things which has become little more than a tradition. They are among the last notable survivors of the West that was, the West of wild rolling prairie where the settler was unknown and where savage tribes rode to the chase or to war. As a valuable relic of those picturesque times, and also as the representative of a magnificent and almost extinct race of animals, the buffalo is at least entitled to the care which would be bestowed on pots and arrowheads and other antiquarian relics of Indian life. These lifeless and comparatively trifling things are carefully stored away in museums and jealously guarded, while a fine herd of buffalos is allowed to perish from neglect. It hardly speaks well for our sense of values.

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"FIGHTING BOB" EVANS is in trouble. He started out to give a lecture tour under the auspices of a Lyceum Bureau; and it now threatens to cancel his contract unless he obeys orders. The precise nature of the trouble is of no interest in the world to anyone but the parties involved. The fact, however, that a lately retired American admiral should get into a scrape of the kind is rather suggestive. It leads one to remark, with all due respect for the splendid qualities of our American cousins, that in some matters they display what might seem to people of old-fashioned tastes a certain lack of delicacy. There is a tendency among Americans who, like "Fighting Bob," have done some really big work, to start in and tell the world all about it, either in magazine article or lecture. Big inducements are naturally held out by promoters to such men, and they seem unable to resist the bait. Nor is it entirely a question of money. The fine natural appetite for publicity of the average healthy American seems to be an even greater factor in the matter. There are times, however, when such publicity seems rather undesirable, and there are many admirers of Rear-Admiral Evans who will learn with regret of his present difficulties and their cause.

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THE Grand Duke Vladimir, supreme head of the Russian army, is dead, and it can be taken for granted that no one in far-off Russia weeps over the incident, save perhaps members of his immediate family. This uncle of the present Czar might be described as having been a bad lot, for it was mainly through his corrupting influences that the Russian forces found themselves in such straits during the conflict with Japan. Vladimir's specialty was pilfering the War Department. Here he reigned supreme, and from here he obtained enormous sums which should have gone for arms, for clothing and for the feeding of the troops, but which found their way into his own pocket and into the pockets of his friends and relatives. Funds which were meant to ease the life of the peasant-soldier, fighting a lost cause in far-off Manchuria, went instead into jewels and champagne suppers for grand ducal favorites of the St. Petersburg stage. With such men at the head of a great nation it is no wonder that the bomb-thrower has to be reckoned with, and it is more wonderful still that the Grand Duke Vladimir died in bed.

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ENGLAND has now begun to mix up beer with music. Manchester has inaugurated a custom, generations old in Germany, of having the best of music dispensed with drinkables. An ardent man whose soul is musical, but whose business is retailing liquids, has at Manchester, inaugurated a series of "bar concerts." Here, with his pint of bitter the customer is served with Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn and Wagner as an accompaniment. The Germans, probably the most musical people in the world, besides being the greatest beer drinkers, have long been accustomed to this form of entertainment. The finest orchestras and bands in Germany are to be found each evening in the beer gardens, and here the natives of low and high degree congregate to listen and drink. The German listens in silence—almost in reverence—throughout the numbers, and woe betide the noisy foreigner who refuses to do likewise. There may be a moral in this and there may not. Please yourself.

THE COLONEL.

Geronimo.

"THE only good Indian is a dead Indian," is the epigrammatic expression of a ruthless policy of repression, but there has recently occurred a case in which it applies without any reserve. Geronimo is dead—the bloody-minded midnight assassin, the pitiless murderer of women and of children, the man who for a generation was the terror of the settlers of Arizona and New Mexico, the last war-chief of the Apaches, is now gathered unto his fathers. Let us hope that he is at last a good Indian, for he is certainly a dead one.

The main events in the life of the greatest scoundrel that ever disgraced the reputation of the Indians of America are generally known. It was in the early "sixties" that he began to lead the Chiricahua Apaches on those fiendish forays which earned him the title of "the worst Indian that ever lived." Swooping down on lonely ranch-houses and settlements with his band of well mounted and well armed assassins, he murdered and raped and burned. Then he would slip away from pursuit and would escape to his mountain fastnesses where he could defy an army. And this sort of thing went on for years. The American Government exhausted every effort to effect his capture and spent barrels of money and hundreds of lives in the endeavor. But it was only in 1886 that Lawton and Miles nailed him down near the Mexican border, and he surrendered and promised to be good.

Geronimo was about as good as Geronimo could be. He rode no more on forays, but he never gave up looking for the chance. He was equally persistent in his devotion to whisky and horse racing and several other pastimes; and did all he could even in his old age to maintain his reputation as the most accomplished ruffian of a race fertile in villains. But he was a criminal of proportions altogether too large to meet the fate that would have befallen men who committed only one murder or outraged only one woman. In spite of the fact that settlers of the southwest had to kill their wives and children to save them from fiendish torture at the hands of Geronimo and his Indians, the Apache was a great war-chief, and as such he was allowed to exhibit himself and sell his pictures to an admiring public.

In a way there is some slight warranty for the almost sympathetic interest aroused by Geronimo. He was at least absolutely fearless, and there is something fine in the thought of him and his little band standing up boldly against the mighty nation which was trying to crush him. But here his merit ends. Beyond this, he has no claim on our admiration. On the contrary he deserves the execrations of the world, as a man whose bestial and fiendish cruelty was a disgrace to the human race. But instead of meeting the punishment his crimes called for he was kept in a kind of honorable semi-captivity. All discussions, however, as to what should be done to him, are now set at rest. The Grim Scalper has "lifted his h'ar," and Geronimo is a good Indian at last.

An Eminent Ambassador.

IN an article called "A Great Ambassador," The Nation, of London, recalls the services of Rt. Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington. To quote:

Everyone who knew both Mr. Bryce and America felt two years ago, when he was appointed to the British Embassy at Washington, that no happier choice could have been made; but they could hardly have foreseen how fruitful it was to prove. Four treaties already stand to Mr. Bryce's credit; three more have been negotiated with, we hope—in spite of some unfavorable circumstances—fair prospect of ratification; and it looks as though by the end of the present year the Anglo-American slate will have been wiped clean of every contentious issue. That in itself is a very remarkable achievement.

Of much more moment is his conquest of Canadian and Newfoundland confidence. He is the first British Ambassador in Washington who has visited Ottawa during his term of office. He is the first who has secured for Canada a recognised status in the conduct of Anglo-American diplomacy. He is the first, in short, who has done something tangible towards disabusing the Canadian mind of the notion that the British Embassy in Washington exists to cultivate American goodwill at the expense of Canadian interests.

But the political side of the British Ambassador's activities is, or should be, their least important side; and it is in the wide and fertile field that lies outside of protocols and despatch-boxes that Mr. Bryce has made his happiest innovations. His appointment was in itself a recognition, a very tardy one, of the fact that the kind of man who should represent Great Britain in the United States is the kind of man who for the past two generations has represented the United States in Great Britain. America has sent us an unrivalled succession of distinguished, broad-gauged, thoroughly human Ambassadors.

Mr. Bryce has broken all precedents by adapting their example to American conditions. He has made a point of seeing something of the country and the people. He has declined to confine himself to the Embassy on Connecticut avenue and his summer home in Massachusetts. He has made himself an intimate part of the world of American letters and of the yet larger world of public endeavor.

For the first time the British Ambassador is something more than a name to the masses of the people. He occupies, at last, a distinctive position. He is marked out from his colleagues in the Diplomatic Corps to a degree that corresponds with the special relationship that obtains between the two main branches of the English-speaking peoples. No one could have won this privileged position for the British representative but Mr. Bryce, and no one, having won it, could hold it more easily and acceptably.

For twenty years at least no Englishman, no foreigner of any nationality, has had a quarter of his influence with American opinion. His book on the American Commonwealth became a classic within a year of its appearance, and still retains an unapproached pre-eminence, is still the text-book on the American system of government in America itself.

Both he and his wife were acclimatised to the peculiar social atmosphere of Washington and of America long before they went there as their country's representatives. Their knowledge, and the use they have made of it, have restored to the British Embassy at Washington all, and more than all, its former prestige, and have initiated for the two great branches of Anglo-Saxon communities a new, and, we believe, permanent era of friendship and association.

The Great Unspoiled.

MOTHER, mother, tell me, what's the meaning of all this
About women who are playing bridge all night?
The paper says that gambling has become a female plague,
And that the Canadian Home is suffering blight."

"It's a way of killing time for those who have the time to kill,
And whose worthlessness hangs on them like a ban;
But take the broom, my daughter and ply it with a will,
And then go feed the chickens, Mary Ann."

"But what does this mean, mother, about the Woman's Club,
And how it's drawing thousands from their home?
They say that countless children hardly see their mother's face,
And that it's driving husband's out to roam."

"When a woman is so worthless there is nothing she can do,
She teaches how to better God's great plan;
But get the dinner ready, and set the table, too—
The boys and dad are coming, Mary Ann."

"And who is the New Woman that they're talking so about,
And the Childless Home that's killing off the race?
It says that we are going as the Romans went before,
And to spawn of foreign peoples must give place."

"She is just that fruitless bough on the good old apple tree—
But show me finer apples if you can?
Some day you'll love and marry and have children at your knee;
And there are millions like you, Mary Ann."

POD.

THE WORLD CONSERVATION CONFERENCE TO BE HELD AT THE HAGUE NEXT FALL.

Right to le., standing: Sen. Knox, Secretary of State to be; Thos. R. Shipp, Sec. National Conservation Commission; Ambassador Bryce; Sen. Cullon, Chairman Senate Committee on Foreign Relations; Sec. Garfield, Gifford Pinchot, Sec. Bacon; R. E. Young, of Canada, Land Expert, Secretary. Seated: on. Henri S. Beland, Canada; Hon. Clifford Sifton, Canada; Hon. Sidney Fisher, Canada; Hon. Romulo Escobar, Minister of Agriculture, Mexico; Hon. Carlos Sellerier, Minister of Mines, Mexico; Hon. Miguel A. De Quevedo, President Mexican Forestry Commission. This group was taken on South Portico of the White House, Washington, February 19, 1909.

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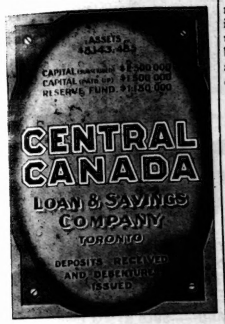

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Department of the Interior,

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THE INVESTOR

TORONTO **MONTREAL**

MONTREAL, February 25.

"CONSIDERING that said transaction is held by this Court as irregular, fraudulent and illegal, does quash both said lease and resolutions of November 10, 1905, and declares them null and void and of no effect. The whole with costs against the defendant." Thus spake Mr. Justice Demers, in a paragraph of his judgment rendered in the suit of George E. Amyot et al. against the Dominion Textile Company and the Dominion Cotton Company. Of course, the men who were concerned in forcing through the lease referred to, might retort by saying that this is only one man's opinion, anyway, and that they are not called upon to cry unclean, of themselves, every time someone who hasn't been talked to in such a straight, fatherly way happens around in their direction. At the same time, such candid expressions can hardly fail to exert a restraining influence upon any tendency they may have been developing towards self-approval. If they really have been accumulating wealth in the manner indicated in the decision, it is well for themselves as for the rest of us, that there is a limit to the things which may be done with impunity. At the same time, so far as appears on the surface, they do not seem to have been committing deeds of special violence towards the minority. They were somewhat austere and haughty when the minority asked for explanations of the deal and to have a valuation of the Cotton Company's property made, but no more so, perhaps, than any of us would be were we in possession of over 26,000 shares as against their 2,000 odd, particularly if we had made our minds up about the matter and thought it just as well not to have too much talk about it.

MR. DAVID YUILE

President of the Dominion Textile merger, the merging operations of which had a set-back in the courts.

⁂

The Judge's Remarks. Apparently they sinned in other respects, however, and the remarks of Mr. Justice Demers are illuminating. He says that the majority could sell the property of the company by public competition, but they cannot sell out their business profits. With the consent of all shareholders, they might lease the business when they find that it cannot be carried on; but neither of these conditions existed on the occasion. Besides, a company incorporated by letters patent cannot transfer its business, even for a time, to another company unless by will of all the shareholders or by authority of statute; but a dissentient shareholder may prevent the sale. The man on the street was brought up to believe that the minority shareholder had no rights and that he ought to be glad to have any notice whatever taken of him by his big fellow-shareholder.

⁂

The Textile Company. It seems that after the Textile Company was formed, the directors inaugurated a facetious era in which the secretary would write Textile proposals to himself and then write Cotton acceptances thereto. Even the august body of directors were addicted to like habits—it reminds one of the story of the man who used to steal money from himself. But that was nothing to the jocularity of the clause by which the Textile Company was to return the Cotton machinery at the termination of the lease—in twenty-one years—subject to the ordinary wear and tear. The jocularity doesn't appear till it is explained that fifteen years is the average life of such machinery. For this the Cotton Company was to receive a rental of 4 per cent. of its value. Mr. Justice Demers expressed very definite views upon the whole proceeding, saying that he based his decision on the principle that "No man hath a right to enrich himself at the expense of another," and "Thou shalt not steal." It is said the Textile Company will appeal the case.

⁂

Nova Scotia Steel. Of course, it is disappointing that Nova Scotia Steel and Coal is not going to pay a dividend—at least for the present—but it is highly satisfactory that the company has been able to provide such a good report of the year's business. The profits for the year ending December 31, 1908, amounted to $734,701.53, or about $210,000 less than in 1907, which, with the balance remaining over at the beginning of the year, made a total of $1,937,305.92, as against $2,125,574.55 a year ago. After providing for fixed charges, interest, etc., and transferring $76,745 for reserve fund for depreciation, renewals, etc., and writing off $86,808, a balance of $1,219,221.07 was carried forward to the credit of profit and loss, as against $1,202,604.39. So that the company, by reason of having passed its dividend on the common stock and paying out only $74,814 last year, as against $299,265 a year ago, finds itself in a better position, financially, than it was a year since. It is understood the company intends raising money for the purpose of developing its ore areas which are estimated to be worth a fabulous sum.

⁂

Mexican Power Co. So the Mexican Power directorate will not play any more in our back yard, having chosen Toronto's in preference. Montrealers are reserving judgment as to whether they ought to feel glad or not. Also they are sleeping with one eye open, wondering what is going to happen. The revolution in the directorate, at the meeting, last week, was so quiet and bloodless, and so few questions were asked and so few explanations offered, that the shareholders here have been left gaping. Mr. Z. A. Lash, K.C., of Toronto, comes down to the meeting, and he says: "The directorate will consist of the following: Messrs. F. S. Pearson, Walter Gow, Miller Lash, Sir William Van Horne, Z. A. Lash, J. M. Limantour, George Flett, R. C. Brown and E. R. Wood." The old directorate, after having the customary bouquets handed them, smiled and stepped out, and that was all there was to it. No, there was one, a Mr. Patterson, who maintained the action, or meditated action, of the London people as scandalous, and made other remarks showing how he felt. On the whole, however, Mr. Lash, in his speech, made a good impression as did also the personnel of the board, so that the shareholders are feeling assured that their interests will be protected. The brokers are wondering where Mackay Edgar comes in, and if he appoints Sir William Van Horne and the rest of those chaps to that board or how the game is played. As for the price of the stock on the Exchange, practically no change has taken place. This speaks well for the confidence of the shareholders. A few sales took place around 77, as against the previous price of 79, and less than 100 shares changed hands since the meeting.

⁂

What They Owe.—That the Dominion Iron and Steel Company has been an enormous borrower from two Canadian banks has long been known, but just what they did owe the Bank of Montreal and the Bank of Commerce has until recently been a state secret. It seems that the total indebtedness to these two institutions amounts to $2,600,000, of which sum $2,000,000 runs along as an ordinary account, and $6,000,000 is guaranteed by the directors. It is no wonder that these two banks took a hand in the Coal-Steel dispute. With the damages coming in this account can be cleared away very nicely, provided, of course, that the Steel Company is making a little money.

⁂

TORONTO, FEB. 25.

THE small shareholder is beginning to realize that the stocks of the Dominion Coal and Dominion Steel companies are but the plaything of a few Canadian millionaires. Among those whose names appear on the board of directors of these corporations are the wealthiest citizens of Montreal and Toronto. Most of these gentlemen started at the speculative end of the coal and steel proposition. There was no Carnegie among them, who might have insisted upon the building up of the industry first. They got the ear of the Government, and many a small investor was induced to take stock solely in consequence of the large bounties to be obtained by the companies from the public crib. The development of the business has thus far not been of much moment either to the progress of Nova Scotia or to the Dominion. From a pecuniary standpoint, the success of the clique has not been anything to brag about, but their speculations have been successful in dragging in a great lot of poorer Canadians, many of whom have been stripped of their resources. The recent movements in the prices of these securities were not the first or second that have attracted the outside public, and in all instances have the manipulators obtained the bag.

It may be a good thing that the banks refuse to lend funds on the stock of the Steel Company. They no doubt have little confidence in its value, but that is no barrier to the speculations of wealthy men, who can always manage to secure the needful, if necessary, by the pledging of their higher-class securities. Within a week or two we have seen a rise of 15 points or so followed by a decline of 10. Even a wider range has occurred in Coal. Many small holders, even though they have their stock paid for in full, became frightened by these spasmodic movements, and the result was they were sold out near the bottom. Of course, it may be truly said the whole thing was a gamble, but investors are just as liable to be squeezed out as speculators, when such reckless manipulative tactics are indulged in by so-called inside interests.

⁂

$19,000 for a Seat. The new firm of Dyment & Cassels have opened offices in the Traders Bank building. Mr. Dyment, an ex-M.P. of Barrie, has been admitted to the privileges of the Toronto Stock Exchange. He has secured the seat of Mr. William O'Hara, who now represents his firm in the British metropolis. The price paid for the seat we believe was $19,000. Only recently, Mr. Cawthra Mulock paid the Stock Exchange $20,000 for a seat. These are pretty large figures for privileges extended by our local board, but it no doubt represents increasing wealth with a growing influence in local financial circles. It is not many years ago that Mr. Macrae, of Pellatt & Pellatt, purchased his seat for a sum less than $2,000. When it is remembered also that seats on the New York Stock Exchange sold at $20,000 twenty-five years ago, the membership being around 1,000, the importance and growth of Toronto financially and speculatively is manifest.

⁂

The downward swing in the prices of stocks which was inaugurated a few days ago, came as a surprise to the rank and file of brokers and speculators. It is not an unusual occurrence, for it usually happens when opinion is one-sided, the market generally takes the opposite course. "The majority are always wrong," said a Wall Street man the other day. "Think it over, and you will realize how true this is," he said. "When everybody is buying, I sell, even though the top may not be in sight; when everybody sells I buy. Then I wait. Too many people imagine that the universe is shaped in Wall Street; the universe shapes Wall Street. Get facts, carefully form your own opinions, and act on them until you have too much company. Then do your thinking over again." This is pretty good advice, and it applies here as well as to Wall Street. A week or ten days ago, it seemed as if everybody had a tip to buy, but now it is to sell. The out-

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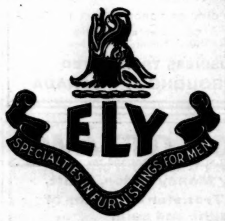

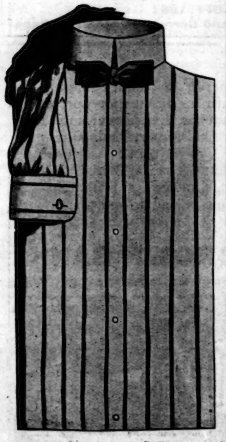

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side liquidation in Americans commenced on the announcement of an open market for steel and steel products. The sweeping reductions in prices are causing havoc among the general run of speculators, but it is likely the big ones bagged their profits before the general selling began. The U.S. Steel Corporation perhaps are to be blamed most for the present state of things. Throughout the past year they kept the prices of steel up, thinking they could control the market. The demand did not come up to their expectations, and the market was a fictitious one. The independent firms took business from the big corporation, and now that the supply greatly exceeds the demand, with trade disappointing, the inevitable is the result.

Cheap money appears to be the dominant factor in the eyes of the bull operator in stocks, but if he will only think and take a retrospect of the security market, he will find that there have been many bear markets running concurrently with low money rates. Cheap money means restricted business, with a general lack of confidence. There will be little improvement in general trade until the rates for money become much stiffer than they are at present. Local securities during the week have been influenced in a measure by the unsettlement of Yankees on Wall Street.

***

Banking Figures.

The January statement of Canadian banks does not reflect any appreciable change in the situation, either business or speculative. As everybody knows, our currency is elastic; it changes with the times. It contracts with the dull periods and expands during activity, while across the border just the reverse is often shown. Dull times with excessive circulation, and active business with a limited currency. Our currency decreased over $8,000,000 in January, and the amount outstanding is the smallest at this particular time than for a number of years. The amount out is only $65,819,000. Cash holdings of our banks increased $1,230,000 during the month, the total being $94,453,000, or the largest amount on record. A year ago the total cash held was only $75,000,000, and two years ago $66,901,000. The discounts and loans of Canadian banks on January 31 were $678,780,000, a decrease of $4,400,000 for the month, an increase of $19,000,000 in a year, and a decrease of $15,300,000 as compared with two years ago. Call loans in Canada are a million more than a year ago, while call loans outside are $45,300,000 more than a year ago. The increase in loans as compared with a year ago is owing to the large increase in call loans outside—purely Canadian discounts are really $35,600,000 less than they were a year ago. Total deposits in Canadian banks are $693,049,000, or $13,000,000 less than on Dec. 31 last. Our branches outside Canada reduced their deposits over $10,000,000 in January, while the deposits in Canada bearing interest increased $13,000,000 the same month. Total deposits are $88,000,000 more than a year ago, and $56,000,000 more than two years ago. Overdue debts to the banks increased $400,000 during January. These overdue debts now aggregate $7,789,000, as against $3,690,000 a year ago, and $3,717,000 two years ago.

What Canada Owes to Franklin

By E. J. HATHAWAY

THE birthday of Benjamin Franklin, January 17, is a date annually celebrated by the printing fraternity throughout the United States. Banquets are held in most of the larger cities, and addresses delivered in recognition of one who is looked upon almost as the patron saint of the printing craft on this continent. From modest beginnings as a printers' apprentice, he became one of the most conspicuous men of his time, winning success as a printer and publisher, and attaining a distinguished place as writer, scientist, inventor, diplomatist and statesman. He was largely instrumental in introducing the printing press into Canada, and he played an important part in a memorable episode in Canadian history during the period of the Revolution.

The misfortunes of the British in the valley of the Hudson were serious matters for the Canadian authorities. A strong antagonism towards the English still animated the hearts of some of the French-Canadians, and many of them sympathized with the United States in its revolt against Great Britain. Boston had fallen into the hands of the continental army, and eager eyes were now cast towards Canada, in the hope that the French might be induced to join forces with them. Troops were sent to the north. Montreal was easily taken, but the Americans were repulsed in a daring attack on Quebec, and their leader, General Montgomery, killed.

Conquest by arms, however, was not the only means adopted to win the favor of Canada. With a view to influencing the Canadians to the cause of the Revolution, Congress, in February, 1776, appointed a commission consisting of Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll, to go to Montreal and open negotiations. The commissioners were authorized to receive Canada into the federation, reorganize its Government, and do whatever else might be necessary to attain their object. For the expenses incidental to their end, they were granted permission to draw upon Congress to the extent of $100,000.

In all probability the plan for a commission originated with Franklin. Some time previous to this, while acting as agent for the colonies in England, he had been consulted by one Fleury Mesplet, a printer from Lyons, who had settled in London, owing to political and commercial disturbances in France. Franklin was attracted by his republican sentiments, and, recognizing the probable advantages of securing a French printer in sympathy with the revolutionary movement, who could be sent to Canada to influence the people, he despatched him and his printing plant to Philadelphia, with letters of introduction to the authorities. A pamphlet, printed for the Continental Congress, addressed "Aux Habitants de la Province de Quebec," written doubtless by Franklin himself and translated by Mesplet, and designed for general circulation throughout the Canadian settlements, was one of his first publications.

The appointment of the Commission followed shortly afterwards. Among the recommendations of Congress to the commissioners was the provision that a printer should be sent with them. The appointment was given to Mesplet, and $200 was voted to defray the expenses of himself, his family and his printing plant. Great confidence was felt in the successful outcome of the undertaking, not only as to the power of Congress and the commissioners to win over the Canadians, but also in the establishing of the press as a commercial enterprise.

Printing had been first introduced into the Canadian colonies as early as 1751, by Bartholomew Green, son of the publisher of The Boston News Letter, the first newspaper in America. Owing to his death within a few months of his arrival, his place was taken by John Bushell, who in 1752 commenced the publication of The Halifax Gazette. The Quebec Gazette was founded in 1764, by Messrs. Brown & Gilmore. These men came from Philadelphia, and they are said to have been backed by Franklin himself. At all events, the money for the purchase of the plant was advanced by William Dunlop, brother-in-law to Franklin, and himself a printer in Philadelphia. They were probably well known to Franklin, and, as he had attained considerable success in his business as a printer and newspaper publisher, and was a public man of some eminence, he no doubt aided them in their venture in his relative's name. Both of the existing Canadian newspapers, therefore, were English publications, and the French, who were largely in the majority, had never had a press to speak in their behalf.

Mesplet started from Philadelphia on March 18, 1776, with his belongings, loaded on five waggons. These were afterwards transferred to boats for the trip up Lake Champlain and Lake George and the Richelieu River, and after a tedious trip of nearly six weeks he reached Montreal. By this time, however, the confidence of the commissioners in their mission had been shaken. The Canadians would have none of them. They were shrewd enough to compare the representations of the emissaries with the address submitted by Congress to Great Britain a short time before, in which the New Englanders complained that by the Quebec Act Roman Catholicism was established in Canada, a religion that had "drenched Great Britain in blood and disseminated impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion, through every part of the world." They were now playing an entirely new tune, and under the blessed influence of republican liberty Roman Catholicism and Protestantism might now dwell together in the most delightful peace and concord. With these two manifestos before them, the Canadian clergy advised their people to adhere to Great Britain, or at least to remain neutral.

This mission was Franklin's only notable diplomatic failure. The trip to Canada was a cruel task to put upon a man of seventy years of age, but he accepted the appointment, and braved the dangers of the journey. He met ice in the rivers, and suffered much from fatigue and exposure. Failure, however, was stamped on the undertaking almost from the outset. It had no possible chance of success, and he accordingly had to make his painful way homeward.

But Mesplet, whose whole capital was locked up in his printing plant, had to remain in Montreal. He set up business as a printer and bookseller. During the first two years a number of books were issued. The first book printed in Montreal, was published in 1776, for the Seminary of St. Sulpice. In addition to books of a religious character, he issued an Almanac, a tragedy, "Jonatas et David," written probably by one of the students for performance at the seminary, and the "Journal du Voyage de St. Luc," the first Canadian work of historical character.

In 1778 he began the publication of a newspaper similar to that issued at Quebec. The first number of "The Gazette du Commerce et Litteraire" appeared on June 3, printed altogether in French, with Valentine Jotard as editor. Mesplet, as publisher, issued a prospectus setting forth that the paper was to be a four-paged quarto, published weekly, and the subscription price was fixed at two and a half Spanish dollars a year. The paper continued publication with slight interruption, due to protests against articles reflecting on the administration or the judiciary, until June 2, 1779, when it was suppressed by order of the Governor, and the publisher and editor arrested and taken to Quebec. Mesplet remained in prison for three and a half years. On his release, in 1785, publication was resumed. The paper was now a four-page folio, printed in both French and English. All controversial matter was carefully avoided, and it thus escaped further molestation at the hands of the authorities. The Montreal Gazette of to-day is the direct descendant of the original publication, and is the oldest newspaper published in Canada. The Halifax Gazette became a strictly Government publication, and the Quebec Gazette ceased to exist some years ago, although it lived to celebrate its one hundredth anniversary.

Mesplet, after his release from prison, petitioned Congress for compensation for his losses sustained in accepting their engagement as printer at Montreal, and on account of his sympathy with their cause, but his petition met with no response. He finally went before Congress in person, but the committee of investigation awarded him but $4.26 on his claim for $9,450—barely enough to pay his expenses in appearing before them—and he was forced to abandon all hope of further indemnification.

Franklin died in 1790, full of years and honors. His diplomacy in regard to the Canadian people in the strenuous years of the Revolution was doomed to failure, but he recognized the power of the printing press as an influence in the moulding of public opinion, and Canada benefited by his activity. The printing press was unknown before the Conquest, but with the coming of the English there arose the necessity for a means of expression. His disinterested assistance in the founding of The Quebec Gazette, years before any thought of separation had entered the hearts of the American colonies, is deserving of all possible credit; and, although the erection of a press in Montreal was followed by results disastrous to the promoters, and unfortunate for the printer, Canada owes grateful tribute to the memory of one who in his own country was a patriot and a statesman.

Alverstone and the Borrower.

LORD ALVERSTONE, the Lord Chief Justice, who gave some valuable hints on athletics in the course of a very interesting lecture which he delivered recently, is somewhat famous in England as a raconteur as well as a sportsman. One of his best stories, says T. P. O'Connor, concerns a little loan which he once made to a needy friend. He lent the latter a sovereign and then bet another friend that he would one day get his money back. The second friend was very doubtful, however, and took the bet with alacrity. Some time afterwards Lord Alverstone met the latter gentleman, who sarcastically inquired:

"Well, have you received the money from poor R—— yet?"

"No," replied his lordship; "and I shall not press him, for I have received a letter from him which is worth the money."

The letter read as follows: "As the date has arrived when the £1 has to be repaid, please find a postal order for that amount, for I'm hanged if I can.—Yours, etc."

Miss Kate Gilmour, stewardess of the Sardinia, which was destroyed by fire a short time ago at Malta, is the only woman who has ever received a Lloyd's medal for lifesaving at sea. Miss Gilmour refused positively to quit the ship until all the women and children had been taken off. By her coolness and courage many lives were saved that might otherwise have been lost.

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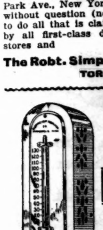

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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 24, 1909.

GOVERNOR HUGHES outlined with some detail, his plans for direct nominations at Brooklyn on Saturday night. The occasion was a dinner in his honor given by the Brooklyn Young Republican Club. An unannounced feature of the programme was a speech by Timothy L. Woodruff, preceding the Governor's, in which the State Chairman declared himself emphatically and unalterably opposed to any scheme of direct nominations. To this speech the Governor paid no attention in his reply, and if the State leader's plan was to capture the dinner in advance, he was doomed to disappointment. The diners were clearly with the Governor, and gave him a most enthusiastic reception. The very common sense plan, as disclosed in his speech, for carrying out his ideas for the direct nomination of party candidates bears little resemblance to the many chimerical schemes that have been hatched in his name, for no other purpose than to create premature opposition to the principle in general. The Governor has, among other ear-marks of greatness, the gift of silence. And while his opponents, with great pains and ingenuity, have been busy setting up these men of straw, labelling them "direct nominations" and kicking them about with the glee of malefactors, the Governor has kept his own counsel and spent the time maturing his plans.

The Governor prefaced his plans with a few characteristic references to the present system of nomination by delegates:

"The principle of direct nomination," he explained, "is that the members of a party are entitled to choose directly the party candidates for elective offices. It seeks to make party government more representative and to make more difficult the control by bosses and cabals."

The outcome of the Governor's radical move to make government somewhat representative in fact, as well as in name, will no doubt be watched with interest on the Canadian side of the border, where the iniquities of the boss system differ only in degree from those under which we groan on this side. That the Governor's comparatively simple expedient should deliver us from these evils —or even some of them—seems a sanguine expectation. Should it succeed—and the Governor at least is convinced of its feasibility—his recognition as the political genius of the day is assured.

* * *

THE New York Correspondents' Club held its annual dinner the other night. Reisenweber was the chef, and this is what he served: Crab flake cocktails, chicken gumbo, pompain creole, olives, radishes, celery, chicken a la Maryland, candied yams, sweet potatoes, waffles, and coffee. The strong Southern flavor to this menu is explained by the strong Southern representation in that distinguished newspaper body, just as the Scottish flour to Canadian club affairs is explained by the dominance of that northern race in its membership.

The subjects discussed, or at least down for discussion, were: "Abandonment of Farms in Connecticut," "How to Train a Wild Ass," "The World, the Flesh and the Devil," "Manhattan from the Palisades," "Alimony or Taxation without Representation," "Effect of Lyddite on Venadium," "How to Feed the Hungry," and "Secret of an Enjoyable Smoke," followed by the presentation of a massive and ornate clay pipe to the president of the club.

The Montreal Star was represented conjointly with The San Francisco Bulletin, but the only Toronto paper apparently enterprising enough to own a New York correspondent is SATURDAY NIGHT.

* * *

THERE is just enough truth in the charge of indecency being brought against the stage to make the campaign now in progress dangerous. Since the days of old Polonius Comstock, self-constituted censor at large to public morality, whose activities in connection with "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and the art league catalogue finally buried him in just ridicule, the stage has been practically free to follow its own devices—or vices as the case may be. That this liberty has recently been abused in certain directions is notorious. The "Salome" exhibitions, for instance, of Gertrude Hoffman, Eva Tanquay, and others, which have perhaps been sufficiently characterized in former letters, were flagrant violations of every law of public decency. Of artistic purpose, worthy or unworthy, which at least characterizes the Manhattan Opera productions in which Mary Garden figures, they were absolutely innocent. Undiscriminating moralists, however, will make no distinction between the two. They would undoubtedly equally fail to distinguish between these and Miss Isadora Duncan's dances of which Emerson, however, would probably exclaim: "This is not dancing; this is religion." Fortunately these Salome travesties, relics of the dog days at best, have long ceased to play any part in our theatrical activity. Their reign, however, was just long enough to lower the tone in certain otherwise worthy fields of entertainment.

Attention just now is specially directed to three Broadway productions which their managers, or someone speaking for them, would lead us to believe exceed the limit of the permissible. But you may take it from me that none of those managers makes good his boast.

Their worst ingredient is an occasional vulgarity. There is a disrobing scene in one, in which three fair maidens go as far as the lingerie; in another, portly artist's models are posed in wrinkled fleshings. For the rest we have gay cafe scenes with the familiar vices alluringly portrayed. Of wholesome entertainment there is little or none, but that is also true—is it not?—of at least 99 per cent. of the musical comedies extant. None is free from suggestiveness and the unmistakable lure. Exact shades of indelicacy are difficult to determine, and the allurement may easily be discounted by familiarity. However, on the manager's own representations, and self-confessed purpose, censorship would be entirely in order.

But censorship—which might be a very simple matter in proper hands—is invariably fraught with grave difficulties through being placed in improper hands. Those who clamor for it loudest are invariably least fit to exercise it. Even now these moralists, with some excuse for their clamor, are defeating their own ends by putting such plays as "The Blue Mouse" and "The Easiest Way" under the ban. "The Blue Mouse," adapted from the German of Alexander Engel and Julius Horst, by Clyde Fitch, I saw and enjoyed—in spite of its Fitchisms—without a suspicion of its "indecency," until the present clamor arose. It is a comedy of situation, of the highly amusing uproarious kind, of which hundreds of farces are made, but few so well. A deal of the mirth, of course, depends on the suggestions, but that is true also of "School for Scandal." Do our purists intend to put Sheridan's old classic under the ban also? "The Easiest Way," by Eugene Walter, far from being a subject for the censor (by the way it has passed the English censor), I accepted as a play of strong moral purpose. It tells the story of a young woman, mistress of a rich young broker, who falls in love with a prospecting miner. The situation is candidly explained on all sides, and the girl quits the broker and the gay life with the ostensible object of working her way back to self-respect through the hardships incident to self-support. She struggles bravely, but the privations in time become too much for her and she yields to the call of the old life, just as the lover, rich now in worldly goods, returns to claim her. One would think the irony of that situation enough, but some people evidently want her burned in hell-fire besides.

The possible evils from an undiscriminating censorship are greater than any evils it could hope to correct. Proper censorship is no doubt advisable from many standpoints, but its sole guide must be the purpose behind the effort. Measured by this simple requirement, "indecency" could be banished from the stage in a night.

* * *

THE gossips of the Rialto are enjoying a delicious morsel just now in the divorce suit entered by Miss Margaret Illington against her husband, Mr. Daniel Frohman. A few weeks ago in the height of her stage career, and in the full glory and charm of her young womanhood, Miss Illington announced her permanent retirement from the stage. She was tired, she said, of the glare of the footlights, and her woman's heart had long hungered for the peace and quiet of domestic life. Now it transpires that her husband has never taken kindly to the domestic ideal—at least not for her. He regarded her as an artist of conspicuous talent, and urged her, against her own inclinations, we are informed, to forego the ordinary comforts and self-indulgences of domestic life, for the larger artist life. It is because of these apparently irreconcilable ideals that she is now suing for separation. This upsets all our preconceptions. Heretofore gossips have had it that this prepossessing young actress married only for a career. This theory, of course, chimes with a remark you may hear daily—chiefly from disaffected aspirants—that the manager's door and not talent, are the way to success; Mattheson's, Marlowe's, Fiske's, Anglin's and the rest to the contrary, notwithstanding. All of which was not very complimentary to Mr. Frohman, whose forbearance may only now be measured.

Of course, the explanations of the present crisis is that Miss Illington has fallen in love, and in common with the whole world of womankind—in the early stages of the sentiment at least—has fallen in love with the domestic ideal. Possibly, too, she discovers that she has always been in love with it. Moreover, she is physically and nervously exhausted from too long playing "The Thief."

The public is legitimately interested only to the extent of its loss of a refined, skilful actress of gradually ripening and increasing power, and a stage presence of remarkable charm and beauty. In the present poverty of the American stage such a loss is considerable. Whether the gain to domestic ideality will sufficiently compensate the world I do not presume to say.

* * *

AN account of Miss Marlowe's new production, "The Goddess of Reason," and Jerome K. Jerome's "The New Lady Bontock," I must leave to another time.

The new offerings of the current week are a piece by Thomas Buchanan, "A Woman's Way," in which Miss Grace George and Mr. Frank Worthing will play the principal parts; and a new piece by Avery Hopwood, "This Woman and This Man," with Miss Carlotta Nillson in the leading role.

J. E. W.

University Men in Politics.

THAT famed organ of Toronto student opinion, 'Varsity, while not as large in size as it once was, is as admirable as ever at the point of editorial expression. In its latest issue it has this to say on a timely topic of general interest:

Prof. Wrong, in delivering an address on "The University Man in Politics," before the Literary Society of University College last Friday evening, took occasion to issue a warning against the academic fallacy that Canada's politicians were concerned altogether with petty questions of practically no importance, and that her politics offered no worthy field for the labors of the college graduate. On the contrary, Canadian statesmen had to deal with issues of such great matter, that upon Canada's decision regarding them depended the future of the British Empire. No field, said he, offered wider opportunity for unselfish service, and never was there greater need for the educated university man in our political life. Although the admonition was scarcely necessary, we feel grateful to Professor Wrong for emphasizing the real attitude of the university man towards politics.

That college men realize the importance of politics and do enter the political arena is evidenced in some interesting statistics recently brought to light by the correspondent of The Toronto Star. One hundred and thirty-five out of the two hundred and twenty-one members in the House at Ottawa, are university graduates. This is sufficient proof that Canada's sons do not hesitate to lay their university training and culture on the altar of political life. It is noted, however, that Ontario has fewer college men, in proportion to representation, than have other parts of Canada. Perhaps, therefore, Prof. Wrong's remarks were not untimely

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Everybody in London society is talking of the good fortune of a young lady who recently bought a pearl muff-chain for four shillings and sixpence and sold it for £5,000. The chain was purchased in an old curiosity shop, and looked to be of value. The young lady took it to a jeweler, who offered her £90 for it. She noted, however, that he was extremely eager for the chain, and she took it to a larger jewelry house. Here she was astonished by an offer of £5,000 for her find, which she accepted. The chain was of beautiful black pearls. One of the London papers notes that "in connection with the story the name of a well-known admiral has been freely mentioned, and the rumor goes that he has assisted the young lady in investing the £5,000." "Miss Fortune," however, as she is referred to, keeps everybody guessing as to her actual identity.

Lord Rosebery, speaking the other day at the meeting of the Old Edinburgh Club, which promotes the study of the ancient lore of that city, referred to the report, which said that "since 1860 two-thirds of the ancient buildings of the old town of Edinburgh have been demolished." "We should recollect," he added, "that Edinburgh's face is its fortune."

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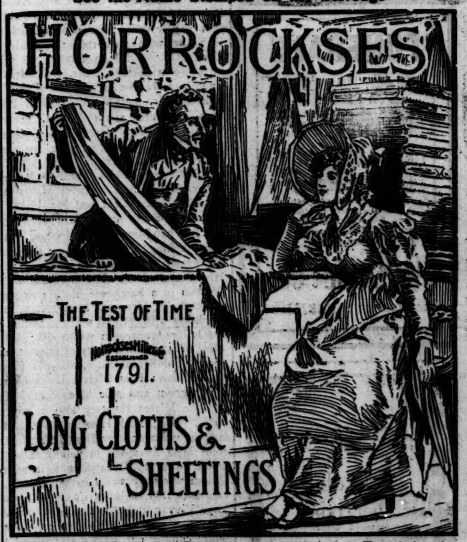

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE largest ball of the season rewarded the efforts of the Daughters of the Empire on Shrove Tuesday night, and the faces of the Grand Regent and her satellites were wreathed in smiles as they greeted the hundreds of guests. They were a handsome group of matrons in richest velvet, brocade, or satin gowns, old lace softly resting on the rich texture, and jewels gleaming plentifully, for all trotted out their best and most cherished for the Rose ball. And it was again Swinburne's cry of "Roses, roses, everywhere!" We have grown so accustomed to the pretty effect of the Rose ball, that it needs the admiration and surprise of strangers to awaken us to its beauty and charm. There were many visitors in town who exclaimed with pleasure as they arrived in the ballroom, to find it canopied with countless garlands of soft pink roses, and to walk under this beautiful decoration, with numberless lovely women and girls, bearing huge sheaves and boquets and head wreaths of the flower of the evening, white, red, cream and pink. A very few black gowns, worn by very pretty women, such as Mrs. Charles Sampson and Mrs. Alfred Wright, gave added chic to the sea of pink, white or pale shades of rose, blue and green, which surged, in close order and bewildering succession, round the rose-garden room. The King Edward ballroom has its advantages and its drawbacks, the great pillars which lend themselves so nicely to wreathing are the *betes noirs* of the dancers in a crowd. The floor is always very smooth but not springy, and on Tuesday night the orchestra was quite inadequate when the crowd was at its height. Those who provide the music should remember that what would be amply forceful for a dance such as was given by the High Park Golf Club or the Argonauts is lost in the distance when five or six hundred dancers are packing the ballroom. But although the crowd made dancing impossible without discomfort, and although the heat was great, the ball went with an eclat which all the grumbling in the world could not quench. People who had raged and striven in vain to find the partners on their programmes sank into some cosy corner with other unclaimed blessings and exchanged grievances, finally concluding that perhaps they were having even a better time than they had planned. It was a funny sort of mixup, and as one panting partner cried as he vainly struggled to reach his waiting lady, "Just like a country fair!" Among the strangers at the dance were Captain and Mrs. Homer Dixon, the beautiful bride in a pale blue Empire gown; Miss Leslie of New York, who, with her uncle, Mr. Frankhauser, came to town just in time for the ball. Miss Leslie was one of the prettiest of the many pretty creatures, in a little pink flowered gown, with ribbons and a quaint coiffure, very reminiscent of Greuze's daintiest head; Mrs. Sands of Cobourg looked charming in a black gown; Miss Chrysler of Ottawa, who came with Miss Edith Cross, was in black touched with turquoise; Miss Shedd, of Washington, in blue with black Chantilly; Lady Dorothy Smyly wore pink embroidered chiffon, with a lovely rope of pearls and a huge boquet of pink roses; Miss Ruth Fuller of New York, who came with her hostess, Mrs. G. F. B. Johnston, wore Rose du Barry silk; Miss Enid Wornum, who came up from Penetang last week, and is visiting Mrs. McWilliams, wore a dainty pale pink shot silk gown, *en princesse*, with palest blue trimmings; Miss Macdonald of Goderich wore pink. Some of the men visiting in town who enjoyed the Rose ball were Mr. Harold Denison, R.N., who is with his people at Rusholme; Mr. Wiley, of New York; Mr. Jarvis, who is visiting his sister, Mrs. Harry Gamble, and whose clever book, "Letters of a Remittance Man to His Mother," has amused so many of his Toronto friends; Mr. Kearney, of Montreal, and Mr. Dana, of New York. As for the citizens of this good burgh, who turned out so nobly to make a record Shrove Tuesday frolic, the Royal Grenadier officers and their wives and sweethearts deserve first place, for the scarlet coats and pretty women were much *en evidence*. Mrs. Nordheimer had a family party; so had Mrs. John I. Davidson and Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft; Colonel Gooderham, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce; Mrs. Alexander of Bon Accord and her handsome son and daughter; Mrs. Chris Baines and pretty Miss Baines; Mrs. Harnare and Miss Adile, who looked very well in pale green; the Misses Edith and Dorothy Cross, in white with pink roses; Captain and Mrs. Douglas Young; Mr. and Miss Taylor, the debutante very pretty in white with roses; Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau Kleiser; Captain and Mrs. Reginald Pellatt; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Palmer; Mr. and Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, the latter in a charming gown of dull green velvet with lace sleeves, in which she looked a picture; Mrs. and Miss Jessie Johnston, both in pink, the essence of smartness; Miss Amy Saunders and Miss Alice Kingston, two radiant brunettes in blue and pink respectively; Captain Berry, in the mess uniform of his Australian regiment; Mr. and Mrs. Auden and Mr. Hicks of U.C.C.; General Cotton, in brave array; Mrs. Heintzman of Tannenheim and her handsome daughters and sons-in-law, Miss Cornelia looking her best; Mrs. Willison in delicate blue, her pretty white hair going well with her rich gown; Miss Scott, who is visiting her, in white satin; Miss Patti Warren in a handsome black gown with deep red roses in her hair; Mrs. and Miss Ireland, the former in black sparkling with jet and a grand boquet of Richmond roses, the latter *poudree* in white silk; Mrs. Cawthra Mulock came in late with a party of friends, and wore a beautiful gown of dull blue satin, and her pretty hair parted and dressed low; Miss Melvin-Jones wore a white lace and silver gown and pale blue scarf; Miss Biscoe in white and the Misses Hagarty also in white with roses; Miss Maud Boyd; Miss Houston; Mr. and Mrs. Cambie, the lady in white satin; Miss Hilda Reid in white crepe de soie; Miss Sheppard in yellow satin; the Misses Greenwood; Miss Joyce Macdougall, in white satin; Miss Dora Ridout was very sweet in white satin, touched with delicate pink; Miss Juliet Cayley was pretty in pale blue; Miss Vivyan Boulton was *poudree*; Miss Flora Macdonald wore ivory satin and lace; Miss Kathleen Burns her white coming out gown; Mrs. Reynold Gamble was in a handsome pink brocade; Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, who came with Mrs. Alfred Wright, was in white; Miss Dorothy Skill was *poudree*; Miss Pauline Foy looked pretty in shell pink; Mr. George Lamont brought his cousin, Miss Donna Lamont, who looked very well in a pretty gown; Miss Birdie Warren was in primrose satin; Miss Joan Arnoldi was in black satin; Miss Nita Millman was in deep pink and Miss Clare Corson in white with pale blue; Miss Amy Sinclair wore a white gown; Miss Isabel Jackson was in pale blue satin; Miss Yvonne Nordheimer wore white satin and roses, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mrs. Haas, both ladies beautifully gowned; Mr. Finucane, Dr. Burson, Dr. Hendrick, Mr. Stuart Greer; Miss Agnes Dunlop, very prettily *poudree*; Miss Cosby in a handsome blue gown; Miss Marjorie Brouse in white, as was also Miss Marjorie Braithwaite, with pink roses; Miss Spence in blue satin with pink roses in her hair; Miss Wallbridge in pale pink and white lace; Colonel Stimson; Mr. Keith Macdougall; Messrs. Stanley and Douglas Seton Thompson; Mr. Harold Suydam; Captain and Mrs. Laybourne, the lady in a handsome white gown, with garlands of roses; Miss Estelle Nordheimer in a beautiful turquoise satin Empire gown; Messrs. Perry, Dr. Bruce; Miss Frou LeMesurier, looking very pretty in pink; Miss Dorothy Boyd in white satin; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Walker, the latter in a smart black gown; Miss Crowther in white satin; Miss B. Ritchie also in white; Miss Muriel Jarvis, very dainty in a white lace gown, with roses; Miss Mabel Beddoe, in pale blue and some handsome lace; Miss Helen Adams in golden brown satin, with lily of the valley; Miss Hazel Kemp in a lovely gown; Miss Alberta Greening, in white satin; Miss Isabel Robertson in blue satin; Miss Marjorie Fellowes, in pale blue; Miss Joyce Plummer, in white silk; Miss Olive Peters of London in pale pink, Miss Norah Niven, also of London, in white satin; Messrs. Coulson, Dr. Pardee Bucke, of London; Mrs. Ewart Osborne in lavender satin; Mrs. Edward Houston in white satin; Mr. Charles Plummer, Mr. Gzowski, Miss Mona Murray, Miss Lois Moyes, Mr. Sutherland, Dr. Mackenzie are some of the guests whose names occur to me. Supper was served in the banquet hall and corridor, two services being necessary to accommodate the vast number. The Patronesses' Table was set with roses, and the *menu* served was very dainty, the King Edward staff giving a prompt and careful service.

Captain James Burnham left early in the week for Kingston, where he will take a three months' course for his Majority.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Boone and their little son are spending some time with Monsieur and Madame de Saumaurez at Springfield, St. Peter Port, Guernsey, the home of Mrs. Boone's uncle and aunt. They will return to Toronto the last of March or beginning of April.

The Schubert Choir concerts on Monday and Tuesday evenings were very much enjoyed by immense audiences, and the singing of the choir has again vastly improved. It is most interesting to note the development each season of this promising aggregation. Emil Paur and the Pittsburg Orchestra did great things, and at the close of the performance of Mr. Paur's great symphony, played for the first time, the audience called the composer-conductor out time after time, and he was presented with a huge laurel wreath on a stand, tied with the red and gold ribbons of the chorus. It was a notable hour in musical Toronto.

On Shrove Tuesday teas were given by at least a dozen hostesses. Mrs. Edward Porter (nee Ridout) gave a very bright tea at her home in Brunswick Avenue, and received in a pretty black gown, her pretty daughter, Miss Edith, Misses Greenwood, Miss Miriam Sweeny, Miss Strange and Miss Amsden. The table was done in crimson with shaded candles and tulips and each pretty assistant had a crimson tulip pinned in her coiffure. Among the guests was Mrs. Ruttan, who is, in spite of her advanced years, a bright and interested tea-goer, never forgetting a friend.

Another Shrove Tuesday tea was given by Mrs. Frank Stark, *nee* Kerr, at her home, 155 Collier Street, when a large number turned out in spite of the shocking wet weather to enjoy it. Mrs. Stark's mother, Mrs. Kerr, a picturesquely pretty lady with a wealth of silver hair, poured tea and coffee in the dining-room, and dainty Miss Dottie Lamont, Mrs. Charles Stark, Miss Brereton and Miss Muriel Stark assisted. The table was charmingly decorated in white and gold with huge white carnations and double jonquils, the effect being extremely good. Miss Bertha Kerr assisted Mrs. Stark in the drawing-room.

Mrs. E. S. Cox gave a Shrove Tuesday tea, which was also remarkably well attended. The table was done with pink tulips, and Miss Evelyn Cox was assisted in the tea-room by Mrs. Bostwick of Hamilton, Mrs. D. K. Smith, the Misses Cosby and Miss Hobbs.

Mrs. George Ross and Miss Marion Ross, Postoffice residence, are visiting friends in New York and Washington for a fortnight.

Mrs. Charles Sampson gave a tea at the King Edward on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Leischman gave a large tea on Shrove Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Fraser Macdonald entertained at bridge on Monday and Tuesday afternoons. Mrs. Oliver Adams had bridge parties on the same dates. Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft gave luncheon parties on Monday and Tuesday.

The second annual exhibition of the Canadian Art Club will be formally opened by the Hon. Pres. Mr. D. R. Wilkie, and an address given by Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., on Saturday, the 27th inst., at 8.30 p.m. in the club gallery, old Court House, 57 Adelaide Street East. On Monday afternoon the following ladies have graciously consented to act as hostesses for the first of the afternoon teas, which are one of the features of the Canadian Club fortnight's exhibition: Lady Whitney, Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh, Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, and Mrs. Homer Watson, wife of the President of the Club.

Dr. and Mrs. Sloan will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on Thursday, March fourth, and will be at home at their residence, 191 Dunn Avenue, from four to six and from seven to nine o'clock.

Mrs. Cawthra Mulock gave a pleasant bridge to about thirty ladies in her home in Jarvis street on Shrove Tuesday afternoon. Tea was served after the game, Mrs. Anglin (*nee* Falconbridge), sister of the hostess, and her aunt, Miss Falconbridge, presiding over the tea and coffee trays.

Miss Cambie, of Vancouver, is visiting her brother, Mr. Charles Cambie, at his home in Poplar Plains Road.

Mrs. Lawrence Boyd is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wallace Helliwell, in Winnipeg. Miss Edith Cochrane, Mrs. and Miss Gurney are in Florida.

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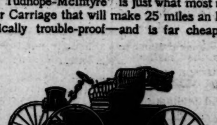

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"PATHS of the Righteous," by L. Dougall, published by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, is a novel that ought to interest a good many readers both in Canada and England.

The scene of Miss Dougall's story is laid in an English rural parish at the time of the English general election of 1905. The outstanding figure is an old man from Canada who has come into a large fortune. He has no relatives but a nephew who is a vicar in a small English village. So the old man, who is pious and generous to the last degree, goes with his wife to England and settles down as a neighbor of the nephew in order to judge of his fitness to inherit his wealth, which he keeps a secret. Then the reader is given a striking picture of the "society" of the village and of the conditions arising from the misunderstandings between Church people and Dissenters, Conservatives and Radicals, in England. The characters introduced are of widely differing types, including, in addition to the old uncle, the vicar and his wife, a highly bred young woman who is "one of the few women who have a strong enough character always to be docile in small things," a saintly Anglican bishop, and a distinguished Oxford professor who is a Methodist in religion. The element of love is also introduced in the story, although in a quite unconventional way, and it is subordinated to, and forms a part of the serious theme of the book.

Miss Dougall writes after the fashion of an old school of English women novelists. She makes no attempt after the manner of modern story-writers, at realism in dialogue. All her characters talk very much alike. The old man, a "tradesman from the backwoods of Canada," discourses on matters of religion, casuistry, and psychology with better discernment and language than the distinguished professor. And so on. No character discloses itself, but has to be disclosed in explanatory paragraphs by the author. But despite these faults of craftsmanship, "Paths of the Righteous" will no doubt prove interesting and profitable to many readers.

* * *

Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday recently, is one of the most prolific of English writers. He began by writing stories for boys, and in later times produced volumes on various subjects. Perhaps, however, his most notable achievement—the one that will cause his name to be remembered—is his authorship of the hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." This he wrote on short notice as a marchsong for a parade of school children.

* * *

A correspondent of one of the literary reviews suggests that, as this is claimed to be an age of innovations, monthly and weekly publications of merit ought to abandon the practice of publishing "continued stories." Narrative writing intended for serial production has to be overfull of climaxes, and as so many novels are first published in instalments this way, largely account for the abundance of sensations in a great deal of our modern fiction.

In this connection it may be interesting to point out that probably the first narrative to be published in serial form was "Tom Cringle's Log," which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine many years ago. The author was a Scotchman named Mick Scott, who was born in Edinburgh in 1789. He spent a good many years in the West Indies, but returned to his native land and settled down in business. In his leisure hours he wrote the "Log," and, although it was immensely popular both in Europe and America, the author's name was not made known until after his death.

* * *

Modern writers—a great majority of them, at least—would do well to consider what that master of English, Cardinal Newman, thought about style. In a lecture on "Literature," in his volume, "Idea of a University," we find him saying:

Thought and speech are inseparable from each other. Matter and expression are parts of one: style is a thinking out into language. . . . Such men consider fine writing to be an *addition from without* to the matter treated of—a sort of ornament superinduced, or a luxury indulged in, by those who have time and inclination for such vanities. They speak as if *one* man could do the thought and *another* the style. . . . As if language were the hired servant, the mere mistress of the reason, and not the lawful wife in her own house. But can they really think that Homer, or Pindar, or Shakespeare, or Dryden, or Walter Scott, was accustomed to aim at diction for its own sake, instead of being inspired with his subject, and pouring forth beautiful words because he had beautiful thoughts? This is, surely, too great a paradox to be borne. Rather, it is the fire within the author's breast which overflows in the torrent of his burning, irresistible eloquence; it is the poetry of his inner soul, which relieves itself in the Ode or the Elegy; and his mental attitude and bearing, the beauty of his moral countenance, the force and keenness of his logic, are imaged in the tenderness, or energy, or richness of his language.

* * *

A London writer in a recent volume claims to have conclusive proof of the authorship of "The Letters of Junius." He asserts that they were written by the subject of his book, "Thomas Pownall, Governor of Massachusetts." This work describes for the first time in detail the life of a man of some distinction in the early years of George III. He was for a time governor of Massachusetts, to which office he was appointed by

PIERRE LOTI.

(Louise Marie Julien Viaud) A member of the French Academy since 1891. This author, who invests all his work with beautiful idealization and poetic charm, is one of the most interesting of the "Immortals" of France. His personality is unique, for it unites very anomalous qualities, which have made him distinguished both as a novelist and a naval officer.

William Pitt. And his biographer states that it was he who influenced Pitt to send Wolfe to capture Quebec. In Massachusetts, Pownall became a friend of Benjamin Franklin, and acquired strong sympathy with the New England people. Returning to England, he entered Parliament, and opposed the policies of King George and his ministers in matters affecting the American colonies just prior to their Declaration of Independence. Then it was, the author claims, that Pownall wrote the "Junius" letters.

* * *

The latest attempt at an international novel has been made by a French author, Georges Ohnet. His story has been published in Paris and bears the title "Mariage Americain."

* * *

So few people outside the craft understand anything of the exigencies

of daily and weekly journalism that the following bit of Punch history, taken from H. W. Lucy's reminiscences in The Cornhill Magazine, may prove illuminating as well as interesting:

Mr. Punch is usually astonishingly "on the spot" with his cartoons; but, seeing that they have to be designed a week ahead, even the most prophetic vision may sometimes make mistakes. This happened in the case of the expedition for the relief of Gordon. The latest news from the Soudan was that the relief column was almost within touch of Khartoum. Would the news of Gordon's safety reach London before the publication of the next number, or come just after? The topic, says Mr. Lucy, asserted itself, and the only question to be debated was the method of treatment. "This was settled by Tenniel drawing a picture showing Sir Charles Wilson's arrival at Khartoum with the remnant of the gallant force Stewart had led through the desert past Abu Klea. Gordon steps forward grasping both hands of his deliverer, while the group of soldiers in the background madly cheer." Alas! within a few hours of publication came the news of Gordon's death, and the next cartoon bore the simple and significant legend, "Too late!"

* * *

Gilbert K. Chesterton, who has been called the modern master of literary paradox, does a good deal of his writing in large exercise books such as school children use. It is said that he carries one of these volumes with him and writes away, oblivious of his surroundings, in restaurants, on omnibuses, and even walking along the street. He is ridiculously absent-minded. One of the stories told about him in this connection is that of his calling on a publisher at the hour appointed for a meeting, and placing in the publisher's own hands a letter explaining elaborately why he could not keep the appointment. This, however, is capped by another story which was told in the Saturday Night editorial rooms not long ago by a New York free lance writer. He said that on one occasion, while in London, he called on Chesterton, who invited him to luncheon. They went in a cab to one of the well-known hotels. Arriving, the English journalist and philosopher found he had no money but a guinea. He stood, perfectly helpless and perplexed, looking from the cabby to the coin, until his guest came to the rescue. Then Mr. Chesterton led the way into the hotel, going in by a door that led to the kitchen. Here he stood, evidently without resource in the matter of finding his way out, until he was again extricated from his difficulty by his companion.

* * *

Among the interesting literary exhibits in "Mr. Punch's Pageant," being celebrated by the great London journal of wit and humor is Thackeray's manuscript of the "Mahogany Tree," which, as most people know, refers to the famous table around which the Punch staff assemble for their weekly editorial conferences. This manuscript hangs on the wall beside Hood's manuscript of "The Song of the Shirt," which appeared in Punch in 1843, and a pathetic letter of Hood to Dickens, which throws light on the former's hard struggle for existence. A glance over Punch's remarkable collection of MSS. shows that a large number of the gems of verse that have become classics appeared originally in that venerable publication.

* * *

Elinor Glyn has cabled to her publishers, Messrs. Duffield & Company, New York, that she expects to have her new book, "Elizabeth Visits America," ready for publication on May 15. This is still another postponement of Mrs. Glyn's rather eagerly awaited novel, which was expected to be ready for issue on April 1, the anniversary of the foundation of the concern of Duffield & Company.

* * *

During the year 1908, according to records preserved by The Publishers' Weekly, there were published over three hundred volumes in excess of literary production in any previous year.

* * *

Maarten Maartens, the Dutch novelist who writes in English, has written a new volume of short stories of Dutch peasant life. "The Dutch peasant," says Maartens in a letter, "is a Saxon, with the religion of the Lowland Scotch. He is a cousin—but distinctly twice removed—of the Boer. He is as absolutely unlike his Flemish brother as two sons of one father—and different mothers—can possibly be."

* * *

Discriminating readers are not, as a rule, interested in mechanical analyses of the works of their favorite authors. But a discovery made by a correspondent of the Glasgow News concerning the words most employed by Burns is worth passing along. This correspondent had the curiosity to look up J. B. Reid's "Burns Concordance" and measure the amount of space devoted to certain words. He found that Burns used the word "heart" more than any other. "Lass," "friend," and "heaven" follow respectively. This little discovery starts one on a train of reflections on the pathetic side of Burns's career, and on the unaffected emotionalism of his writings.

HAL.

Miss Marie Hall, the wondrous young English violiniste, has established the position with many music lovers in Toronto of being the most appealing artist they have ever heard. She has just begun a Canadian tour, fresh from renewed triumphs in London, and will be at Massey Hall on Monday evening next, assisted by Miss Louie Basche, solo pianiste, and Mr. Harold Bealey, vocalist.

To make such a record as that which Marie Hall has just completed, and to encounter all the demands made on her energy by the enthusiasm of music-loving centres "all up and down and round the world," and to come out of the ordeal as full of vigor and of devotion to her art as she has done, is to prove once again that she is possessed of the most extraordinary qualifications. To her ardent nature no difficulty, however imposing, seems insurmountable.

On Wednesday evening, 24th inst., a piano recital of selections from classical and modern composers attracted a large and critical audience to the Normal School theatre. The composers represented were Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, Chopin, Handel, Mendelssohn, Moszkowski, Borowski, Wieniawski, Paderewski and Gounod, and the performers gave to all a clear and intelligent interpretation. Both solo and ensemble work were presented, the soloists showing breadth of style and technical ability, and those of the ensemble class a true sense of time and rythm as well as musical quality of tone. Altogether over forty students took part and reflected much credit on their teacher, Miss Etta Rundle.

A choir of 60 odd voices from London, Ont., under Mr. Parnell Morris, organist of Dundas Centre Church will be the next to claim the attention of music lovers in Toronto. They are engaged by the musical authorities of Jarvis street church to give a sacred recital there on March 9. Selections from "Elijah," Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," several a capella numbers, organ solos by Mr. Charles Wheeler and a mass chorus of Jarvis and the visiting choir are among the attractions named.

The notice of the fine concert given on the 18th by the Elgar Choir under Mr. Bruce Carey will have to be deferred until next week. I want to write of it more fully than space will permit in this issue.

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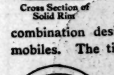

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NOW the season is getting to that miserable halfway stage when it is neither winter nor spring and when the whole athletic world sits around in supine idleness waiting for the weather to settle. That is the period of big pow-wows and terrible rumors. A sure proof of its coming is the awakening of the lacrosse enthusiasts. As soon as lacrosse begins to occupy space in the sporting columns, it is a sure sign that spring is coming and marbles and tops are not far off. And lacrosse talk is now heard in the land. That the Tecumsehs are going after the Minto Cup is one of the late reports, and their manager went East to get the permission of the National Lacrosse Union to go after it in July. Furthermore it is announced that the first big lacrosse struggle of the season in this city will be between the Torontos and Tecumsehs on Empire Day. After the fierce rivalry between these teams at the end of last season this match should be worth going far to see.

* * *

A GOOD blow in favor of clean amateur sport has been struck in the West, where the British Columbia Amateur Athletic Union has decided on a thorough-going campaign for the weeding out of professionalism. Not only will they affiliate with the C.A.A.U., but they have also refused to ask for the privilege of issuing sanctions to amateur teams under their jurisdiction to play against professional teams. Furthermore there is to be a Board of Enquiry to investigate any rumors of professionalism creeping into their ranks. This is the only way to deal with the rapidly spreading plague of sport for the money's sake. And it is very much to the credit of British Columbia that so decided a step in the right direction should be taken there.

* * *

IN a recent issue of a sporting magazine there is an article entitled "Bird Shooting on the Prairies." This article is illustrated with photographs of some big bags made out on the plains. One picture, for instance, shows fifty or sixty prairie chickens hanging about the guns which brought them down. Now, without specially attacking this publication, which is no worse an offender than many others, it seems to me that this sort of thing should not be done. To display this kind of picture to the greedy eyes of the game-hog is to arouse all the emulation of the creature and send him out on his career of destruction. The true sportsman does not count his gain by the size of his bag, and it is a mistake to do anything to encourage a certain class of vandal hunters in their belief that the whole end and aim of hunting is to kill and go right on killing so long as there is any game left.

* * *

THE craze has extended to the ball-room now, and in California they have given the first Marathon Dance. Eight young men and four young women started in at Los Angeles to dance three hours each night for six nights. They had to travel around a large pavilion and the prizes went to those who made most laps. The girls fainted and kind-hearted people called on the police to interfere. But what's the use? Once they get the microbe you can't do anything for them. If you don't let them dance Marathon Dances they will go in for Marathon Eating contests or Marathon Smoking contests. So the authorities might as well leave them alone.

* * *

TALKING of Marathons naturally brings up our own Tom, the unique, undefeated, only gen-u-ine Longboat. He goes right on getting thousands of dollars of good advertising from the running enthusiasts who write for papers, and all he has to do it to sit still and let them talk. There is one kind of statement, however, that has been made very frequently of late, and which is far from being at all complimentary to Tom. It is to be hoped that it does not represent his real sentiments. It is the argument so often made that he can't be bound to anything he undertakes to do, because he is an Indian and so a contract made with him is of no value. This may be law all right, but it certainly is not sport; and it is to be hoped that Longboat will not endeavor to shield himself behind any such provision in his dealings with sportsmen. A contract is a contract, the law notwithstanding, and if Tom has entered into one with his eyes open he should go through with it and carry out his promises.

* * *

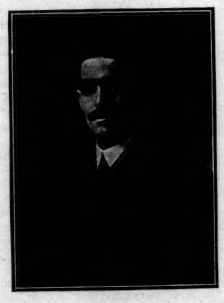
THAT great little Englishman, Shrubb, whose picture is given on this page, is still eagerly working for a return match with Longboat at his own distance of fifteen miles. It should certainly be a great race, and this reason as well as admiration for Shrubb's pluck makes one hope that it will be brought about.

* * *

THE splendid showing of the 'Varsity basketball team is something for their Alma Mater to be proud of. To go through the whole season without a single defeat is certainly a fine record, and it is all the more remarkable when it is considered that this is only the second season in the league for 'Varsity. Besides the team was almost entirely composed of fresh material, only one man turning up from last year's team, so that their prospects were not particularly brilliant in the beginning. Next year, however, it will be a different story as nearly the whole of the old team will come back.

* * *

BOXING is of course a brutal profession, but still there are occasions when it calls for notice even in very decorous journals. Thackeray did not think it beneath him to tell of the fistic glory and splendid pluck of Tom Sayers, that wonderful little man who stood up to giant Heenan and fought him, too, with a broken arm. So why shouldn't I call attention to the way in which a number of little Englishmen have been distinguishing themselves with their fists in the United States recently. Jem Driscoll



ALFRED SHRUBB,
The Great Little English Distance Runner.
Photo by Herbert E. Simpson.

is the latest of them to show his mettle, and he did it in very unmistakeable fashion in New York the other day when he proved himself the superior of Attell, long supposed to be the cleverest little boxer in the world. It is a singular thing that the heavier English boxers should be so clumsy and unskilful, while the little men are the quickest and cleverest in the world. Freddie Welsh and Jem Driscoll haven't their equals anywhere in the science of the game.

* * *

OH, mon, mon, but they be great players, the curlers frae Canada. They defeated the Border Provinces in fine style and now they are off to Switzerland to continue their career of conquest, let us hope. It is a story to mak' a mon's heart thump wi' joy.

* * *

FOUR thousand boys took part in a miniature Marathon in Pittsburg lately. And it wasn't such a thumb-nail Marathon either, as the course extended over ten miles. Three thousand of them finished the race. And now the question is should a race of that description be allowed? Is it right to get a lot of mere boys into a competition of the kind where the strain on their vitality might be so great? This question is all the more pertinent that there is now in England an agitation on the part of a number of medical men to prevent such competitions. Furthermore the Public Schools Athletic League of New York recently decided that a boy cannot enter more than two track events in the high school competitions. The reason given was that exceptionally good boy athletes often subjected themselves to too great a strain in their endeavor to win points for their school. This sort of agitation has received quite an impetus from the death of D. T. Griswold, the Yale stroke in the crew of 1908, who collapsed in the race and never recovered from the strain. People are beginning to find out that while athletics are one of the finest things in the world they can be overdone.

* * *

IT seems that this year an attempt will be made to bring some little order into the chaos of professional hockey, at least so far as the Stanley Cup matches are concerned. The announcement is made that the trustees of the cup have decided that all the teams challenging for it must give in a list of their players, if the challenge is to be accepted. This will give the trustees plenty of opportunity to look into the records of the players and find out whether or not they are eligible to play for the Cup. Also it is stated that the team-jumping law will be rigidly enforced, and that no man will be allowed to play for any team, if he has joined it since the official opening of the hockey season which in the E.C.H.L. took place on January the 2nd.

* * *

HOCKEY is a big thing in the larger American universities, and the public is now beginning to take an interest in the game. This is shown by the amount of space intercollegiate hockey games receive in the big dailies. This was especially the case in the recent Harvard-Yale match, in which the Crimson players romped away from the men in Blue to the tune of five goals to none.

* * *

ACCORDING to The New York Sun, the latest city to be hit by the amateur athletic craze is Pittsburg, and the fad has gained such a hold in the smoky town that a big club has been formed and lines laid for the erection of a million dollar clubhouse. The title of the new organization is the Pittsburg Athletic Association and its object is the social and physical welfare of men, women and children in the vicinity. It is the first attempt to lift the city from the thraldom of professionalism, because for years it has been famous as the hotbed of everything anti-amateur. The populace hated the sight of an amateur athlete. All they seemed to want was the professional and a chance to bet. Of late, though, a change has come over the inhabitants, and no doubt the formation of the new club and its social atmosphere will create a much needed reform and make the district a leading one in amateur sport of the South Atlantic Association.

* * *

COLLEGE athletes will be interested in the story told in his "Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman" by Walter Woodgate, the famous oarsman and all-round athlete of a generation ago. The story is interesting as showing that college men the world over are willing to strain a point to let in a good athlete. Woodgate met Bishop Michison in a railway carriage and he says in the book: "I bethought me that an old Radley friend of mine was at the moment contemplating sending a son of his to that college not so much for the sake of a degree as to give him a chance of earning his Blue on the river, and that he was somewhat apprehensive as to the boy's classical attainments sufficing to pass him for matriculation. I volunteered to shove in my oar at this juncture and said, 'There is the son of an old friend of mine, good oar, good character, but unfortunately not likely ever to set the Thames on fire with his classics. His father wants to send him to Pembroke.' The Bishop cut me short. 'Oh, I know whom you mean—young Illingworth. I know all about him; you need not be afraid that I shall let him slip; I hear he can row; I shall matriculate him whether he can spell or not.'"; and Woodgate adds: "I wish we had a few more Michisons at Pembroke."

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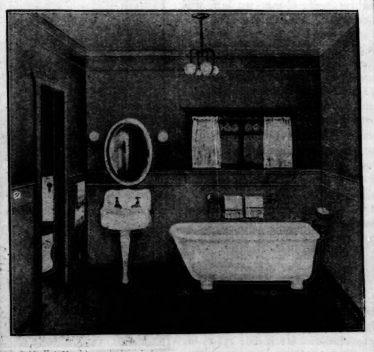

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SHOPPING IN PARIS

By WILLIAM A. SIMS

"Oh, yes, rubbers, vat ze English call galoshe."

I HAD worked hard till about three in the afternoon, with only a short interval for lunch. Then thinking I had done enough for one day, I called the invaluable Alphonse, told him I should not be back, to wash my brushes and put the studio to rights; after which I set out to get some fresh air, and take a look at the city.

I descended the Rue des Saints-peres, loitering a little to glance into the boxes of the *bouquinists* on the Seine embankment, and to see the freight steamer from London, which was just coming in, tie up at the Quai du Louvre. About four I reached the upper end of the Avenue de l'Opera and stopped outside the office of The New York Herald to read the "scare headlines" of that estimable family journal's morning issue, on the sheets displayed in the window. While thus occupied, I heard two voices exclaim:

"Why, there's Gus!"

As Agustus is one of the names given me by my godfathers and godmothers in baptism—for which I do not at all thank them—I naturally looked round to see the speakers, and beheld two tall, stylishly dressed unmistakably American girls, my second-cousins, Kate and Lucy Dexter, of Jersey City.

After the usual greetings I asked, "When did you come, and who are you with?"

"Oh, we are alone," replied Kate, taking the lead—she always does; "we came over with Uncle Jack and the family, in October, and have been stopping with them at Montreux ever since, but last mail we got a letter from Mummy saying Cousin Bee is to be married in February, instead of May. Her *future* has been appointed to something in the San Francisco Navy yard, and as we are to be the bridesmaids, we are going straight home, by the French boat from Havre, the day after tomorrow."

"At ten in the morning," interjected Lucy, who is exactness personified.

I asked if I could be permitted to show them anything that evening, but was informed that they were going to dine and remain till eight or ten o'clock with some friends named Jones, rue Boccador.

"But," said Kate, "we want to do a little shopping, to-morrow, and as you speak French so well, and have lived here so long, perhaps you wouldn't mind coming with us."

I said I should be delighted, and it was arranged I was to call at their hotel, Rue Castiglione, next day at two-thirty. I had no doubt of being able to do myself credit, as I had lived three years in Paris, and rather fancied I was "it" as far as French was concerned.

Punctually at the hour appointed next afternoon, I presented myself at the hotel. The overcoat I wore had a high French collar, and my hat was distinctly Parisian; this to show shopkeepers that though the ladies might be American, they had an escort who "knew his Paris," and who would promptly detect any attempt to charge "American prices."

The girls appeared, and Kate handed me four five pound notes, asking me to pay for the purchases, and keep what she and her sister bought distinct. I noticed Kate had one of those American handbags, which by continental peoples are looked on as the hall-mark of a "Transatlantic"—"none genuine without"—and knowing these to be favorite marks for the French pickpocket I said:

"If you have anything valuable in that bag you had better give it to me, too."

Kate opened it, showed me a small old leather purse, and said that was all there was, and she would look after it.

As we crossed the Place Vendome I asked what they were going to buy—millinery, hats or what?—and was told that they had not enough money for anything of that sort; besides all their trunks had been registered through to the steamer from Montreux, so there was nowhere to put anything. No, they were only going to buy some "little things," and some veils and gloves.

We crossed the Place, and came to the card shop, where the visiting cards of half the nobility of Europe, and even of Asia, are on show.

"Oh," said Lucy, reading—she lisps a little when she is excited or interested—"oh, Kitty, don't you think we ought to get some visiting cards here? Listen—'Duc de Chartres, Duc de Broglie, Princess Chimay'—they are *tho* tasteful."

"Why, no," said Kate. "Think of the awful lot we got before we left home and we haven't used half of them. The New York ones are every bit as good."

Lucy continued to read, "Princess Demidoff, General Galifert, La Signora Baronesso delle Torre"—"Why Kit, that's that Mamie Lukes that was at school with us in New York—don't you remember, she married the Baron delle Torre."

Kate looked with interest, but said nothing.

"And see that beautiful photo of King Edward, in the middle of the window. I should not wonder if he gets his cards here, too."

Still Kate did not enthuse, so I was appealed to. I said I thought cards got on Fifth Avenue were just as good, and less expensive, and there was no delay, and no duty. So Lucy reluctantly stepped on a pace or two. Then she caught sight of the seals in the other window.

"Oh, theals," she said. "I must have one for father."

The idea of my Uncle Dexter, "the busiest man in N.J.," as I had heard him call himself more than once, flashed across my mental vision, getting a taper and sealing a letter—it struck me as brightly comic.

However, Lucy would take no denial, so in we went, and after examining every letter in the array of seals, she bought an elaborate "D," carved on the base of a little column, surmounted by a head of Dante, a very neat and artistic thing—seventy-five francs. I paid the money and pocketed the seal.

"What next?" I asked.

"Don't be absurd, Gus," said Kate, "how can we *tell* till we *see* what there is."

This opened a new vista before my ignorant male mind, as to feminine ideas of shopping, and the prospect of running through all the shops on the rue de la Paix, and possibly the Boulevard des Capucines, "to see what there was" did not "smile upon me." We continued on up the street, looking in the jewellers' windows. I never before realized how many there were.

Kate saw some card cases in one of the swellest shops, and wanted to look at them. By this time I found that Kate could not buy a thing till she had first handled everything in sight. She had to touch it and turn it over. We entered the shop and presently had about twenty cases elegantly placed on a purple velvet cushion by the exquisite in charge. He handled them with silk paper to preserve their faultless polish. When Kitty picked them up in her gloved hand, one after another, the look of sternly repressed agony in his eye was painful to witness. There was one she specially fancied. Skilfully worked into an "Art nouveau" design was a small watch, at the lower corner.

"How perfectly splendid," said she to her sister. "When one is calling, one can see just how long one has been, without appearing to look at clock or watch."

She continued to turn it over, and I could see the lustre dimming visibly. The salesman saw it too, and winced. The price was asked—one hundred and seventy-five francs. This rather startled Kitty—she was new to rue de la Baix prices. She said it was more than she wanted to give, and we left the store. I saw the shop man murmur something to one of his confreres. I do not think it was a compliment.

We had not got ten steps away, when Kate said: "I really must have that case, and I will pay for it myself." Back we went; the case was done up, and Kate paid for it with four twenty dollar gold pieces, taken from the little old purse in the bag, getting an English sovereign as change, which she put in the purse.

A little further on, Lucy bought a parasol handle—antique silver with pansies worked on it in enamel. There was also a little "knob" or ornamental end, for each of the eight ribs of the parasol, to match. You buy the handle and then have the parasol made to suit it. I was learning something. Cost seventy-five francs. We also purchased some hat pins in gold and enamel, one by Lalique, the price of which was like a budget deficit—it was so unreasonably large. I am firmly convinced that the girls had not an idea when we started that they would buy any single one of these things. They bought them because they saw them, not because they actually needed them. Ah, who can fathom the feminine mind?

Our next objective was a definite one—Grand Magasins du Louvre, for gloves and veils. The first we got on with swimmingly—there was a box of gloves just such as were wanted, for the voyage, right "en face"—"seven francs ninety." Now for the veils. "Russian veiling" was what Kate said was wanted. The title seemed unknown to the "vendeuse" who showed us every kind of material that was ever invented I should judge, except the one wanted.

"What is it like, Kitty," said I.

"Just like a fishing or tennis net," she replied, "only smaller." Calling all my French to my aid, I tried to explain to the shopwoman that "Mesdemoiselles desired a net veil, like the net used by *pecheurs, mais noir, et les ouvertures plus petits.*" I took a pencil and drew the design on the lid of a paper box. At last she grasped the idea, and produced the required article, but I could see plainly that my cousins considered that as a French scholar I was a "champion fraud." Myself I felt that I was lacking in a proper vocabulary for dry goods purchases—it is no use saying I didn't.

We left the shop to go to the Boulevard des Italiens, in quest of a little ring "with a small brilliant and two pearls on each side," Lucy thought she had seen there the preceding day. When we had got well away—

"Oh, Kit," said Lucy, "I forgot the rubbers. I must have rubbers for you know how wet the decks are."

"All right," I said, "American Shoe Store, half way up the Avenue de l'Onera, English spoken."

"No," said Lucy, "Thusie Jones thaid she always gets herths at the Grand Magasins du Louvre, and they are just splendid and never wear out."

Back we went to that accursed old Magasin. We found the location of the "rayon" of boots and shoes. The vendeuse came forward—what did Mademoiselle do her the honour to desire?"

"Je desire—Gus, what's the French for rubbers. Tell her I want thome rubbers."

Shade of George Washington! In all my years in Paris, I had never bought a pair of rubbers, had never seen any one buy a pair of rubbers, did not even know any one who wore rubbers.

"I am afraid I don't know the French for 'rubbers,'" I said. Lucy looked at me more in sorrow than in anger, while Kitty bit her lip with impatience, and tapped the floor with her foot.

"Couldn't you tell her somehow?" asked Lucy.

By a violent effort I remembered that the india rubber I used in my artistic work was known as "gomme." I accordingly said the lady wanted "shoes of gomme, slippers of gomme, foot-covering of black gomme," all without avail. The girl could not or would not understand.

"Is there no one here who speaks English?" I said in desperation. Word was passed for an interpreter, and in about five minutes he came—a short plump man of about thirty very bald in front, with pince-nez. Being informed by Mademoiselle what she wanted he said:

"Ah, yes, rubbairs, vat ze English call Galoshe. Oui."

He then struck an attitude, uttered a word that sounded like "Cowchew" to the *vendeuse*, whose face lit up with intelligence, bowed, and departed. In a moment the girl returned.

(*Concluded on page* 19.)

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POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE

Instruction in Story-Telling.

MR. P. GRENVILLE KLEISER, a Torontonian who some ten years ago took up his residence in the United States, has won some attention through a new scheme of his own devising—that of teaching people to tell funny stories. Mr. Kleiser commenced his career in Toronto in the early nineties as a concert elocutionist, and later became for a season private secretary to the late Richard Mansfield. Then he returned to Toronto and commenced the teaching of expression and conducted an entertainment bureau. He is now established in New York, and among his activities is that of "conductor" of the Public Speakers' Club at the West Side Y.M.C.A. in the metropolis.

The scheme which he put forward a week or so ago is so unique that it has engaged the attention of The Sun, whose staff of humorists seems to be sceptical as to the outcome. One of its reporters went to hear Mr. Kleiser lecture to his class in extempore humor, and says that it numbered at least eighty persons. It more than intimates that if Mr. Kleiser succeeds in turning them into humorous individuals he will have performed a task greater than the labors of Hercules. It is stated that they were of all ages, sizes, nationalities, and previous occupations. After Mr. Kleiser had told sixty funny stories in the space of an hour—charting them on a blackboard as he did so to show that there were only twenty-three original stories in the world, the balance being variations therefrom—he invited his pupils to the platform one by one, each to tell a funny story of his own, and corrected his method when it was bad.

The chief admonition that he gave was not to tell the point before you have told the narrative. He also advised his pupils not to try to tell a story of which they had forgotten the point. The pupil exhibition seems to have been rather a painful episode, and Mr. Kleiser showed that he is not devoid of humor himself by closing the proceedings with the remark:

"Now, I think that you will believe me when I maintain the antiquity of all jokes."

Going the Limit.

THE home-coming of the American fleet from its round-the-world voyage has been the cause of more columns of descriptive matter in the United States papers than would suffice, if pieced together, to cover the distance traversed by the ships in their long and leisurely journey. There could not have been more said if this wonderful navy, instead of arriving peacefully in Hampton Roads, had made the old-fashioned port, Bottom.

Which reminds one of a story There was once a lawyer, who, awaiting the end of an incurable illness, had lost everything that afforded enjoyment of life but his sense of humor. A birthday came around, and his old friends of the bench and bar, anxious to show that he was not forgotten, selected with singularly nice perception, as an expression of their regard, a large box of white cut flowers.

"I'm sure it was very kind of them," said the recipient; "they couldn't have been any kinder if I'd been a corpse."

Smart Copy Boy.

USUALLY the palm for smartness among boys is given to that scholar of the street, the newsboy. The boys who carry "copy" for the daily papers, however, run the other lads a very close second. Copy boys, be it understood, are the little chaps who go to places where reporters are busy for a considerable time, at such work as reporting court proceedings, and who therefore write their reports while away from the office. It is the duty of these little chaps to carry the copy written by the reporters to where the city editors are waiting to pass upon it and send it up to the printers.

And with reporters anxious to have the boys wait till they get a decent "wad" of copy written and city editors constantly telling the boys not to delay on their rounds, the little chaps early learn to stick up for themselves.

In a downtown building to which the copy boys must make trips, is an elevator man who "jollied" one of these boys by pretending that he would never permit him to ride up in the elevator for only one floor. The boy got over that difficulty by going down one floor below and then being taken up two floors to the one he wanted to reach, but the point of this story concerns another incident in connection with this boy.

One day while the pretended war was on between elevator man and the boy the latter approached the door of the elevator as it stopped at one of the floors.

"Coming in?" asked the elevator man.

The boy looked at him through the metal work of the travelling cage and said with pretty scorn: "No, I was just wanting to see if there was a decent elevator man on this trip but I see there ain't."

And the truth of the incident is vouched for by the elevator man himself, who considered it a good joke.

When Ibsen got Mad.

HENRIK IBSEN was a great dramatist, but he was also a very cranky man. At least, such is the opinion of a Toronto lady who once had the chance to find out. And this was the manner of the finding.

She was one of a party of Canadians and Americans who found themselves in Christiania some few years ago. Ibsen was then at the height of his fame, and was naturally a tremendous "point of interest" for tourists visiting the Danish capital. This party, like all the others, was bitten by the lion-hunting bug, and they immediately started in to make the hotel clerk's life a burden with questions about the dramatist.

"You want to see Ibsen?" he asked, "well, it is an easy matter. All you have to do is to go and sit in that little room over there facing the square at eight o'clock this evening. Ibsen comes here every night at that hour and sits at a little table in the bay window for about an hour. You can see him then. But don't let him see you are watching him, for he gets very angry about it."

This was the chance of a lifetime, and they were all highly elated. Some of them at once began to read his plays over so as to be able to understand the true inwardness of his personality when they saw him. Others went out and spent good money buying Ibsen souvenirs, of which the novelty shops were full. One young lady bought a handsome picture of the great Norwegian, beautifully framed in silver. It was such a fine piece of work—also it cost so much—that it seemed a pity it could not be autographed. The young lady said as much.

"Tush, tush, nonsense! Why shouldn't it be autographed? What's to prevent that fellow Ibsen scribbling his name on it? He should be tickled to death to do it. I know I would. Just to think of a nice young girl goin' out and payin' out her good money for a picture of him! He'll do it all right. You leave that to me."

All this came from one of the men of the party—a Southerner of the colonel-type, who believed that an American was the natural born sovereign of the universe, and who always prefaced his remarks to the natives of the country he happened to be in, whether it was Turkey or Denmark, with the startling announcement, "Excuse me, but I'm an Amurrican." Such a man as this could naturally see no difficulty in getting a signature from a mere play-writing fellow. So the matter was left at that point for the present.

Long before eight o'clock came, the party had collected in the little room pointed out to them. It had a large bay window, in which was placed a big easy chair with a small table alongside. They gazed with veneration on the furniture occupied at intervals by the sublime genius, and then they all tried to look as easy and *degage* as possible, mindful of the hotel clerk's warning. The women had books and knitting, and the men had papers.

Suddenly a big clock somewhere or other boomed out eight times. The expected hour had come. Everyone at once started in to look uninterested, when there came a quick tapping of heels and a trim little man with tremendous whiskers hopped into the room. He was very small, disconcertingly small. His get-up was also somewhat suggestive of a prosperous hair-dresser. But it was unmistakeably Ibsen. Knitting was dropped, papers fluttered to the floor, eyes and mouths opened wide, and everyone took a long deep breath. It was splendid as a piece of concerted action, but Ibsen didn't seem to like it. His little eyes flashed and his very whiskers seemed to quiver wrathfully. He shot one furious glance around and then fairly bounced into his chair, making the springs groan. If he wasn't the maddest little man in Denmark he was a mighty good second.

This surely was a fine beginning, and everybody looked at everybody else as much as to say, "What made you people act like that, anyway?" But the most disappointed one of all was the young lady who bought the picture, which she had all ready in her hand, with a nice fountain pen chock-full of ink. The colonel-person, however, was not altogether cast down. After a waiter had come in and laid a small glass containing something which looked very much like brandy at Ibsen's elbow, and after the sublime genius had carried it out of sight around the chair and had brought it back again half empty, the colonel began to make gestures and faces at the young lady urging her to go over and tackle the dramatist. But it was no use. The top of the little man's wild pompadour could just be seen over the back of the chair, and somehow or other it didn't look reassuring.

Then the colonel did a daring thing. He came over, calmly took the picture and the pen, and walked over beside Ibsen's chair. There he hesitated a moment, but the dramatist never made a sound or moved his head. At least, they could see he didn't move his hair. The colonel plunged.

"Excuse me, suh," he began, though with less than his usual assurance, "but I'm an Amurrican."

Still no sign from the little Norwegian.

"In fact, suh, we are a party of Amurricans," continued the colonel in a burst of confidence. "And one of our young ladies bought this handsome picture of you"—here it was produced—"and she'd like to have you put yo' name on it. It cost quite a lot of money—several dollahs in fact. Now, if you'll just please write yo' name on it with any little sentiment that occurs to you, why we'd all be ve'y much obliged to you."

Ibsen's hair could be seen to quiver during the latter part of this speech, but he didn't move till it was all done. Then he sprang to his feet and faced around with all the Berserker rage of his Viking ancestors blazing in his eyes.

"Non!" he roared, stamping his foot and waving his arms, "Non! Non! NON!"

They didn't wait for the rest of it; and that is why the Toronto lady who tells the story says he was such "a cranky old man."

Shrubb's Joke on our Detectives.

ALFIE SHRUBB, the noted English runner, was an interested listener a few days ago at Magistrate Denison's morning Police Court. And afterwards some officials took the speedy man to the detective offices and made him acquainted all round.

Now the Toronto detectives are drafted from the regular police force as a rule. That means that usually they are big men. Shrubb's idea of a detective apparently was somewhat different from the type of men who ferret out crime in this city. The English runner is rather small, and, as he looked at the big detectives and pictured them trying to run down a speedy thief, he couldn't help smiling.

Then he had his little joke.

"Why," he said, "you fellows couldn't catch cold if you were locked up in a refrigerator."

A Versatile Crown Attorney.

JOHN ALMON RITCHIE, crown attorney, who has just been prosecuting the Ottawa money lenders, is the third son of the late Sir William Ritchie, of Halifax, some time chief justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. One who has not seen him for thirty years recalls Mr. Ritchie as the many-sided lad of sixteen, cock of the Collegiate School at Rothesay, near St. John, N.B. This school, once the pet scheme of Archdeacon Lloyd, founder of Lloydminster, Sask., and long identified with Wycliffe College, already in "Dick" Ritchie's day gave promise of its coming importance in the educational and social life of the Maritime Provinces.

If Rhodes scholarships had been established a generation earlier, Ritchie would have been strictly in the running for one. Athletic records were not then so carefully kept, but it is certain that Dick was nimble, fast, and strong. A five-barred gate intervened between his lodging house and the school, but Dick never stopped to open it. In the broad jump, a sprint run, and all games of ball he was top notch. In classes his leanings were to the literary side, and he was also a bit of an artist. A few years ago Mr. Ritchie published a volume of poems; as a schoolboy he was prolific of parodies, and also wrote a good many graceful rhymes in serious vein. The Almon wit was also his, a rival to that of Travers, of New York.

It had got about once that he was writing an anthem, and somebody asked him the text. "As the Hart trousers," said Dick, "because pants is vulgar."

A Useful, Able Pen Laid By.

THE death of the Rev. R. N. Grant, D.D., of Orillia, last Saturday, removes from the ranks of Presbyterian workers in Canada a man whose influence was widespread and quite extraordinary. As a preacher he must have done a great deal of good among people of his own church. But as a writer for the press he helped many men and women of various creeds all over the country toward saner reasoning on religious matters and toward living better, broader, more courageous lives. For he was a writer of real ability. Anything and everything to which the signature "Knoxonian" was appended was distinctly worth while. It was marked by understanding of human nature; it was refreshing; it was never stale and unprofitable.

Has the reader ever sat in a small Presbyterian Church—a "Kirk" in a rural community? The experience is a good one, preferably on a Sunday morning—a Sabbath morning one should say in this connection. The sermon perhaps, may be uninteresting. But when the congregation sings one of the old Psalms with Scottish deliberation—the slower the better—one finds himself surrounded by a fine, comforting, refreshing atmosphere. One feels that solidness of character, as it were, is appealing to him, and that it is the greatest thing in the world. This same feeling came almost invariably from reading the strong, cheerful words that "Knoxonian" penned. Both as a man and a writer he was greatly above the average. He was one of the most fully developed men of the fine and admirable type to which he belonged.

Hamar Greenwood as a Fisherman.

SOME Canadians will be surprised to know that a minor controversy has been going on in England as to the size of a fish which Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., caught on the occasion of his last visit to Canada. It appears that when he visited British Columbia in 1906 he caught a salmon which weighed forty-eight pounds, with a rod and line. He decided to have it stuffed and presented to the Liberal Club of the city of York, which he represents. The fate of the fish was recorded in a bulletin issued by the Government of British Columbia, and came by chance to the eyes of the journalist who writes a column of gossip in The London Morning Leader under the title "Sub Rosa."

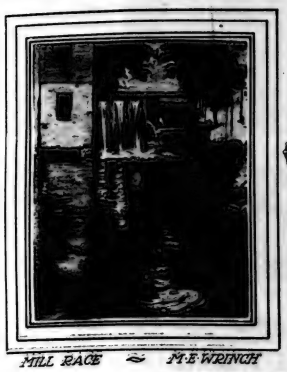
He instituted an enquiry as to whether this was not a fish story, and if so, why had the piscatorial champion not appeared on the walls of the York Liberal Club.

Choosing to vindicate his honor as a fisherman, the politician appealed to Mr. J. P. Babcock, Commissioner of Fisheries at Victoria, B.C., who has written to The Leader to testify that Mr. Greenwood actually did catch the fish and left it in his hands to be stuffed and mounted. Unfortunately the taxidermist in charge of the work either ate or stole the fish and skipped to Seattle. So the Unionists have been deprived of one roorbaca they might have used against Mr. Greenwood at the next general election in England.

It is said that three hundred members of the British House of Commons play golf, which is more than ever go to the Derby or ream after the grouse.

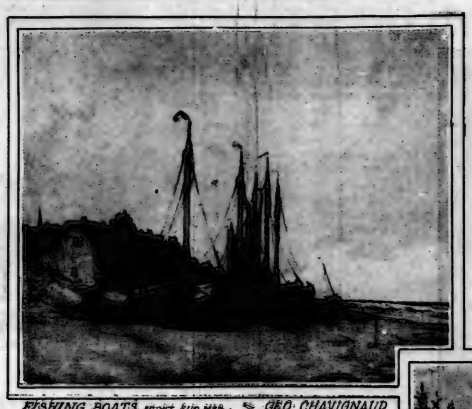
ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ONTARIO MOTOR LEAGUE.

Held last Wednesday evening at the King Edward Hotel. Mr. William Doble presided, and many men, well known in the political, social and motor world, were in attendance.



MILL RACE ~ M·E·WRINCH

HEBERT'S BRONZE COUREUR DE BOIS



FISHING BOATS, HUNST SUR HILL ~ GEO CHAVIGNAUD

PURPLE GLOOM OF EVENING ~ R·F·GAGEN A·R·C·A·

SOME OF THE WORKS OF ART AT THE O.S.A.

THE PROSPECTOR CHAS·W·JEFFERYS

A DUTCH PEASANT ~ J·W·BEATTY A·R·C·A · PEABLOSSOM S·S·TULLY A·R·C·A · A MUSKOKA HIGHWAY ~ F·H·BRIGDEN

The O. S. A. Exhibition.

THE members of the Ontario Society of Artists have every reason to be gratified with the result of their thirty-seventh annual exhibition, at least from an artistic point of view. The standard of excellence in the pictures displayed is a very high one, and in the opinion of all those who have visited the exhibition it marks a decided advance over the work of other years. There are only a few large canvases, about the only very large one being the "Homeseekers," by Mr. G. A. Reid. But while the average size of the pictures is small, the average skill in workmanship and the average beauty in the result are quite the contrary. And there are a number of canvases, including those reproduced herewith, which deserve high praise indeed, and which herald a new and brighter and bigger future for Canadian art.

Among the pictures which have attracted most attention from visitors at the gallery, Mr. J. W. Beatty's "Dutch Girl" occupies a conspicuous place. It is a fine piece of brush-work, and shows a vigor and freedom of treatment which are very striking and attractive. The "Muskoka Highway," by Brigden, is a typical Canadian landscape of the spruce belt, and is cleverly handled. It shows a lonely road running through the forest: in the middle distance a team of horses is seen pulling a load of logs through the snow. Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith has some pretty sketches of London scenery. Chavignaud's "Fishing Boats" is a fine instance of his work, simple and dignified, but entirely adequate in treatment. A striking watercolor is "The Prospector," by Jefferys. The color scheme is a very interesting one, and though the figure of the man is somewhat tame the whole effect is very good. R. F. Gagen's "Purple Gloom of Evening" is a fine piece of mountain scenery, the bare peaks rising in the distance above a dark ravine. Portraiture is well represented by Mr. E. Wyly Grier, with his pictures of George Munro and J. N. O. Ireland, and by Mr. J. W. L. Forster, with portraits of Hanbury Williams and Helen Merrill. There are also several other good pieces of work in this class. An unusually attractive picture on account of its fine coloring is Miss Wrinch's "Mill Race." Mr. S. S. Tully's "Peasblossom" is a charming little thing in its delicacy of design and tint. These are only a few of the paintings which make this exhibition one so deserving of public interest and encouragement.

And talking of encouragement reminds one that in the speeches at the formal opening of the exhibition there were several references made to the lack of interest taken by Canadians generally in the work of Canadian artists. It was said that people in this country who had money to spend on pictures seemed to feel that a foreign name down in the corner of the canvas added greatly to its artistic and commercial value, quite forgetful of the fact that there are men in Canada turning out far better work than a large proportion of the high-priced importations from Europe. This is certainly not as it should be. The only way to build up a national art is by encouraging the national artists. And about the only thoroughly satisfactory way of encouraging an artist is by buying his pictures, when they please you. This is no special plea for the artists, no endeavor to make Canadian picture-lovers load their homes up with daubs just because they happened to be daubed in this country. The intention of the writer is merely to point out that a foreign daub is no better than a home-made one, and that of the two a man who is bound to buy a daub should favor the native production. He does not need to buy daubs, however, and if he pays any attention at all to present-day painting in this country he will soon realize that there are many beautiful pieces of work being produced every year, and that an art is growing up which deserves all the consideration and encouragement he can give it. In this way and this way only will he further its development. His criticism, however illuminating, is apt to have a rather negative effect unless accompanied by something more material and tangible. The very finest and most sincere and most helpful form of criticism is the purchase of the work which pleases.

At the annual meeting of the Ontario Society of Artists the following officers were elected: President, E. Wyly Grier; vice-president and treasurer, Chas. W. Jefferys; secretary, Robert F. Gagen; auditors, Jas. A. Smith and C. E. Nourse; executive council, J. W. Beatty, Geo. A. Reid, C. M. Manly, F. H. Brigden, G. Hahn, Mary E. Wrinch, Sydney S. Tully.

F. M. Bell-Smith and F. S. Challoner were reappointed the Society representatives to the Canadian National Exhibition. The two pictures selected by the Society for the Provincial Art Gallery were: 52. "A Naiad," J. S. Gordon, Hamilton; 85. "Herald of Night," C. M. Manly, Toronto.

THE O. S. A. HANGING COMMITTEE.
Standing: Geo. Chavignaud; J. W. Beatty, A.R.C.A.; F. H. Brigden. Seated: E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A.; R. F. Gagen, A.R.C.A. The painting shown on the wall is Mr. Grier's "A Gentleman of the Old School."

Some Reflections on Art.

THE other morning in Toronto a gentleman, who may be designated as a Person of Average Cultivation, while walking down town overtook a young lady somewhat typical of a large class hereabouts—a Girl with a Music Roll. The gentleman, being a friend of the girl's family, started in to make pleasant conversation. Presently his fair companion complained that he walked too fast. Instinctively—for he is a man who sets a value on good-fellowship—he colored his reply with some show of interest in her chief hobby and occupation.

"Well," said he, "those little staccato footsteps of yours don't carry you along very fast, do they?"

"Why," exclaimed the girl in surprise, "how in the world do you know what 'staccato' means? You never studied music, did you?"

The gentleman in question related the incident to a number of friends at his club that day, for it struck him as being amusing that even a young and thoughtless student of music should consider that certain words heard in the studio or class-room had no meaning except as technical terms—and no meaning at all to those uninitiated in the mysteries of the musical art. And he concluded by remarking that the incident helped to confirm him in the belief that art in its various branches is looked upon by most of its devotees as something apart from real life, rather than an expression of human thought and feeling. Some of the club man's friends, being busy men who give little thought to such things, did not understand what he was driving at. Others, being philistines and impatient of the ways of musicians and of all artists, said that no doubt he was quite right.

At all events the matter seems to be one that ought to be brought to the attention of—say, The Arts and Letters Club of Toronto. In this country where art is young, are we going the right way about promoting its growth? Are those who study and practise music, painting, and the other arts inclined to become sequestered classes and cliques of technique-worshippers? Has the musician a tendency to become an artist rather than an interpreter? Does he devote his attention to becoming a dexterous performer rather than a sympathetic, intelligent medium of melody? Is the painter too self-centred in his art—thinking more of placing on his canvas certain of his own impressions than of painting thereon something that will impress on the minds of a thousand men and women who look upon it, some new beauty or some useful lesson? Does the writer in his work tickle his own vanity, or address the small circle of his own craft rather than the big circle which cares very little about style but which falls very readily under the influence of sincerity and good sense? And if art in Canada is looked upon more as a performance than an expression, what are we going to do about it?

It seems that the Person of Average Cultivation has this matter pretty well in his own hands. In this, as in all things, he pays the bill, and can get whatever he wants, if he knows what he wants and insists on getting it. As a matter of fact art in Canada—music, painting, letters, sculpture, art in all its branches—has in the last few years been developed to a degree that is surprising. And if the Person of Average Cultivation finds little to interest or uplift him when he attends a recital or visits a picture gallery, is he not rather to blame himself? If he knew the amount of earnest effort being made in Toronto at this moment by a certain number of men and women who are trying by one art or another to add to the gentleness and rose tints of life here, they would be astonished. It is all well and good for the average man to remark—when he considers the question at all—that these efforts are not very vital. He could make them very much more vital if he tried. It may be admitted that in Toronto the average man has, in one or two directions, manifested a serious interest in art. The wonderful popularity of the Mendelssohn Choir, for example, has made it possible for that organization to attain supremacy in choral singing. The enthusiasm of musicians, all over the country, aroused by the enthusiasm of Dr. Vogt and his choir, has, of course, accounted largely for the remarkable financial success of the undertaking. But without the interest and patronage of the average man this success could scarcely have become, as it is, phenomenal. And it would be well for art and for the average man himself if he took a broader interest in native artistic achievement. It would be well for him if, when the Canadian National Exhibition comes round, he spent a few hours studying the work in the Applied Arts exhibit—getting some idea of the thought and labor involved in producing the cartoons and illustrations he sees in Canadian papers, in making Canadian book covers and posters and high class advertisements and pictures that tell stories. Then he might progress to taking a real interest in such art exhibitions as that of the Ontario Society of Artists, held in Toronto this week. If he has a little money, as many average men have, he might go so far as to buy a picture or two, using his best judgment in their selection. Soon he would be in a better position to influence art, to make it more vital; to help art of all kinds in Canada to make a more moving and universal appeal.

H. W. Jakeway.

Bobbie's Riddle.

By IVAN LEONARD WRIGHT.

COME gather, ye citizens dull and staid:
Ye people of passive and passionless bone;
Come lend me your ears, attuned and attent,
And riddle me this, in obsequious tone:

It is blue, it is pink, yellow, green, brown and white,
And purple and gold are over it spread.
Maroon, mauve, magenta combine in it, too,
And yet the whole thing is so thoroughly re(a)d.

It's the longest you've had since I've been the lad
To govern the forces of travel and trade.
And, too, it's the shortest, the briefest, bar none—
Just a ten-minute limit you cannot evade.

A chaos of figures the face of it mar;
A muddle of matter with nothing sane in it;
A hodge-podge of cyphers and cymbols and such.
But the date and the hour you can tell to the minute.

On the back of this product of my fertile brain
Is published a journal of personal views.
But though you may read them up, down and across
The tendency merely will be to confuse.

It's as strong as the adamant arm of the law:
A creation of infinite patience and care.
Still an unsteady hand or a slight, careless touch
Will disintegrate it and cause it to tear.

It's the acme of foresight, vigilance, thrift;
A scheme found to limit the power of the mob;
A contrivance designed by a masterful mind
To scoop in the nickels and hold me a job.

What! Can you not solve it? 'Tis simple forsooth,
And now to even small minds should occur.
'Tis but Toronto's Street Railway's quite latest
New Heaven-sent-wisdom-created transfer.

The largest electric power station in the world will shortly be erected within fourteen miles of Johannesburg under the terms of a contract officially announced, by which the Victoria Power Company will supply electric power to practically all the mines in the great group in that region.

MOTOR CARS AND MOTORISTS

Madison Square Garden, New York, where the big auto shows are held.

THE National Automobile and Sportsmen's Exhibition at the St. Lawrence Arena, Toronto, during the past week proved a great success. Toronto people are evidently much interested in autos and in motor-boats, for the Arena was thronged, especially in the evening hours, by hundreds who studied the exhibits with more than idle curiosity. There is a fascination about the automobile, with its strong suggestiveness of luxury and somewhat mysterious power, that appeals to everybody. It appeals to the man who never even hopes to own a car, and never seems to be lost by those who own many. With the automobile, it appears, familiarity never heeds contempt. There is always something new and unexpected to learn about it; and its charm seems to be rather like that of a dashing woman, and to arise from somewhat similar qualities. Not only did the cars themselves attract much attention, but so, too, did the exhibits of motoring accessories—the headgear, cloaks, searchlight projectors, etc.

As to the cars themselves, there were $300,000 worth on exhibition. Some of the limousines and landaulettes were very elaborately equipped, providing a maximum of comfort and convenience for those fortunate enough to be passengers in them. A number of cars were fitted with lights, bells, clocks, and toilet equipment, making them ideal for touring.

There are no very radical changes in the designs as compared with those of last year's, but the entire exhibit impressed the observer with the fact that the manufacturers had made an all-round advance in the general comfort and beauty of their cars, without adding freak innovations. And it was also apparent that at the point of utility—of sterling worth and dependability—a substantial advance had been made. Indeed, it was hard to visit the show without contracting the motor fever, if one had not already felt symptoms of its approach with the coming of spring. And one thing is certain—a good many people left the Arena saying: "I certainly wish I could afford to have a car." Or: "I don't see why more people with money in this town do not drive cars." Or: "This settles it; I've thought several times of buying an auto, but this spring I'll have one—no more delays."

It might be added that one of the exhibits that, while less showy than the majority, attracted the attention of a large number of business men was a five-ton auto-dray big enough and strong enough to cause the huskiest team of dray horses to turn green with envy. The automobile is a powerful worker as well as a delightful pleasure-giver, and the outlook for the trade in Canada looks bright indeed for the approaching seaosn.

* * *

Although it was generally understood that there would be only one automobile show in Canada this year—the one just held in Toronto—the Automobile Club of Canada, a Montreal organization, has decided to hold another show in that city some time in April, just when enthusiasm in the matter of the opening season's sport is at its height.

* * *

Striking evidence of the growth of popularity of motoring in Ontario and of the usefulness and rapidly increasing strength of the Ontario Motor League may be found in the fact that this organization has a paid-up membership of 540 as compared with 264 last year. This phenomenal increase will vastly enlarge the league's influence, and will enable it to deal effectively with larger issues and undertake work of a broader scope than formerly. The president of the organization this year is Mr. Wm. Dobie, and among the directors are such prominent automobile enthusiasts as Geo. H. Goderham, T. A. Russell, Noel Marshall, J. C. Eaton, A. E. Chatterson, W. H. Gooderham, and others who have been most active in promoting and protecting the interests of motorists in this province.

* * *

Are Canadian farmers not rather slow in taking advantage of the automobile as a labor-saving and pleasure-giving investment? Wherever a farmer has purchased a motor the antagonism of a neighborhood to this form of travel and transportation has generally given way to enthusiasm for it general usefulness. The motor car has come to stay—not as an experiment or a toy, but as a necessary adjunct to modern life and progress. Motor-driven vehicles that are workers will soon vastly outnumber those that are kept for pleasure only; just as the bicycle, once a fad, "fitted in," and became a necessity for many people. In a good many parts of the United States farmers in considerable numbers have become users of motor cars, and wherever they have been given a fair trial they have been found a paying investment.

Last year, when times were worse than they had been for some time, the farmers of La Salle county, Illinois, purchased one hundred cars, valued at $200,000. When purchases of this magnitude are made in one section in one year, it looks as if the motor movement is about to spread largely in the rural portions of the neighboring republic. Canadian farmers ought to lose no time in investigating this movement, and "getting in on it."

* * *

Every practical automobilist knows that the pleasure or discomfort of an auto ride depends largely upon the tires, but how many of them know anything about the "life story" of these scapegoats of motordom? It is a story of immense human effort in the crude rubber forest and the cotton field—a chapter, not only of interest to the automobilist, but to the average citizen as well.

Civilization first heard of rubber in Herrera's account of the second voyage of Columbus in the year 1493, where he speaks of elastic balls made by the natives from the gum of a tree.

The first authentic account of its practical use (notes a writer in The Automobile) was recorded in 1745 by the leader of a French Governmental expedition returning from South America who reported that the natives secured from the juice of a tree a certain gum which was very elastic, impervious to water and used in making bottles shoes and squirt guns.

Thirty years later it was introduced to commerce when an Englishman brought from Assam, India, a soft spongy substance which would erase lead pencil marks and which afterwards became known as India rubber.

Many primitive uses were found for this wonderful gum, but owing to its susceptibility to changes of temperature, which rendered it sticky and more or less fluid, rubber did not come into its own until early in the last century. At that time it was discovered after a great deal of experiment, that by mixing sulphur with crude rubber and subjecting it to a high degree of heat, these former deficiencies were eliminated and a material was produced which was both tough and elastic, and would retain those properties under varying temperatures. This process of curing was called vulcanization and is the basis of rubber making to-day.

So great has been the development of rubber manufacture since that time that its products now exceed a value of five hundred million dollars annually.

* * *

The proposal of a transcontinental motor race from New York to Seattle has been given endorsement by the Alaska - Yukon - Pacific Exposition authorities. And the fact that the finish line will be in the exhibition grounds lends to the contest an objective point which many such contests lack. Discussion regarding the time that the winner will take has commenced, several forecasters being of the opinion that the winning car will reach Seattle in less than twenty days.

The distance by the shortest practical route is 3,900 miles, so a twenty day schedule would involve driving practically 200 miles a day. This mileage is possible in the East, where the road conditions are good and routes known, but when Wyoming is reached, with nothing but rutted trails to mark the way, it will be good running for any car that can leave 100 mileposts behind it in a day's travel.

Robert Guggenheim, the donor of the trophy and originator of the race, is a sportsman who has been interested in motor cars for some years. He was one of the few private owners to enter his own car in the Briarcliff race, the Renault driven by Block having been owned by him. Mr. Guggenheim also acted as one of the sponsors for the Elkwood Park meet at Long Branch last summer, which was one of the few track meets run by sportsmen without the assistance of professional promoters.

It is expected that the ocean to ocean contest will be hampered by very few rules, the object of the race being to show that the modern motor car, either in the hands of the user or the professional, can go anywhere and carry passengers to any destination. To this end efforts will be made to have another trophy given for amateurs who drive their own cars in this race, as there has been no opportunity for amateurs to compete in a gruelling long distance test except in competition with professionals.

* * *

The King has just ordered a new car. It is a 65 horse-power four-cylinder 1909 type of Mercedes chassis with a 11 ft. 10 in. wheel base. The car is being fitted with a limousine body by a London firm.

* * *

The export business in automobiles has many curious features, and in particular those who are sending cars to the Orient often find that they must comply with peculiar conditions. A San Francisco manager of an eastern firm who is now spending a few days in the East, tells of an interesting incident in connection with the shipment of a car to Corea. The story as told by The New York Sun is well worth repeating here:

"A few weeks ago we received an order for one of our 40 horse-power cars to be sent to Seoul, the capital of Corea. The car was ordered by the manager of a large mining company, and he gave us most explicit instructions as to how we were to make the shipment. It seems that the Coreans are not favorably disposed toward automobiles, and they exclude them from the country by imposing a prohibitive import duty. On the other hand, the mining company, by the terms of its concession, is permitted to import machinery free of duty.

"'I want you to box the machinery so strongly,' said our customer from Corea, 'that the most energetic custom house inspector will have no desire to try to break in. Mark the box "Mining Machinery" in English, Japanese, Chinese and Corean, and I guess everything will be all right.'

"Well, sir, the box we built around the car was a wonder. It cost us over $300 for lumber and iron bracing and for labor. How was it built? Well, I am reminded of that famous chapter in 'Cæsar' wherein Cæsar tells about the bridge he built across the Rhine. For substantial construction, that box had Cæsar's bridge faded from the landscape. If the ship carrying the box should happen to be wrecked, the box will serve as a raft to carry passengers and the 'C.Q.D.' apparatus, and eventually the inhabitants of some sultry isle in the South Seas will find on the beach some morning a nicely packed 40 horse-power automobile."

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Those who saw Burman's sensational driving at Delorimer Park, Montreal, last fall are not surprised to see him drive the *McLaughlin-Buick* to top-notch, fame and glory.

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Lady Gay's Column

THE sturdy and unfearing utterance of a preacher of a city church one day lately, was a straw which shows which way the wind has long been blowing, and has aroused controversy and rebuke. This preacher actually said that everybody didn't believe the story of the Garden of Eden literally, nor many of the other stories of the earlier chapters of the Bible. He only said what is perfectly true, because a very large proportion of people to-day look at these stories in a different way to the view point of past generations. We are looking at almost everything in a different way from our forefathers, but it may well be we need to do so, as we develop and grow and enquire, and now and then find out. It may be that there is something very personal and instructive beyond and behind the mere record of a tempted woman and an acquiescent man. To hear the story of the Garden of Eden explained by an Oriental, is a wonderful revelation to the Sunday school scholars of fifty years ago. The tale of disobedience and subsequent wretchedness which made kind little childhearts wonder at the cruelty and coldness of the Supreme Being, is so illumined and transfigured that grown-ups bow the head and acknowledge that it is the essence of truth inevitable. It is not to mar or destroy these old stories that the mind of to-day desires, but to get at their real import and significance to the man's woman of to-day. When the preacher says that people don't believe them to-day as people did, he is quite right; they believe and value them in quite another way, an intimate, personal and helpful way so much bigger and better and truer that it is difficult to express the difference.

Talking of Englishmen in Canada, I wonder who the Englishman was, about whom we hear the pathetic story of the recently returned guides? An Englishmen whose gameness and adaptability, readiness to meet emergencies, and evident good blood won the hearts of these rough men, and whom they called "Dook" in acknowledgement of his superiority. He is dead of his wounds, this poor "Dook," wounds suffered in unaccustomed wood-craft, and borne with a fortitude that was fairly grisley. Only one man knows his name and home-place, and he is on his way to England with the "Dook's" last message to his people, and he had, at time of writing this, not divulged any particulars. One follows the rough guide across the sea, and into beautiful little England, through the lodge gates or the little vine-hung lych-gate beyond which nestles the vicarage, embowered and perfumed, or perhaps into the stately London mansion, where butler and footman, noiseless and swift, bring in him who bears tidings of "Young Master," the well-beloved, the wayward, for whom the hatchment shall be out up, and the "gees" wear black rosettes. Or it may be into some dear small cottage the messenger will find his faltering way, and an old, old lady, with trembling lips and straining eyes will meet him, stammering "My boy, what of my boy?" It twists the heart to follow that messenger to England, when one knows of the broken and perverse and splendid sons of England, any one of whom might be the "Dook" whose big frame sleeps under a snow bank in the far, silent places of his land of atonement.

On Wednesday, Lent folded a sable wing over the butterflies of society. There will be doings in the six penitential weeks, but they will be subdued doings, duty dinners, lecture-going, and the bridge that does not cheer but seems to inebriate. And a great deal of church-going and parish work will be done, by orthodox and penitent folk, who also like Lent as a good time to get their spring sewing done. Odds and ends of winter sport, a little ice, a little snow, always brighten up the grey dull season. We have no *mi-careme*, when for one bright giddy day the regimen is relaxed, but we have our diversions, music and bridge and enough gadding to keep us from drowsiness until the crocus peep and the bells ring out for Easter morn.

LADY GAY.

"Yes," said the old peer, "my son is willing to stand for Parliament. Unfortunately," he added, after a slight pause, "Parliament does not reciprocate."—Christian Register.

Automobiles are like people. The cheapest ones are the noisiest.—Atchison Globe.

Society at the Capital

BRIDGE, which has become just as popular with our youthful hostesses as with our matrons, was again the chief entertainment of last week. At the afternoon gatherings in nearly every instance a tea followed the game. On Monday afternoon Miss Rita Pinhey was the bright young hostess of one of these pleasant affairs when her guests included a large number of her young friends, who were joined later by several of the youthful matrons and additional merry younger companions of the hostess. Miss Edith Fielding and Miss Ethel Perley won pretty prizes. Mrs. Godfrey Greene, Jr., and Mrs. George Maclaren poured tea and coffee; Miss Hope Wurtele looked after the ices, and their assistants were Miss Lottie Fraser, Miss Elma Reid, Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick and Miss Gladys Cook.

Mrs. Newell Bate's party on the following afternoon consisted of seven tables of adept players of the game and was given in special honor of Mrs. Aldous, of Winnipeg, and Mrs. Mandeville Merritt, of Toronto. Later Mrs. George King poured tea at a table bright with crimson tulips, and had as assistants Miss Elsie Cotton and the Misses Irene and Elinor Bate. In the evening Miss Elma Reid's gathering included all the younger devotees of the fascinating amusement, ten tables being required to accommodate them. The prize winners were Miss Lottie Fraser, Miss Gladys Cook, Mr. Dick McGee and Mr. Bryce Fleck.

One of the smartest card parties of the week had Mrs. St. Denis Lemoine as hostess on Thursday evening, when about fifty guests thoroughly enjoyed the game and the delightfully arranged surroundings, Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mr. Charles Thomas and Major Reginald Courtney coming off victorious. On Friday afternoon Mrs. T. Cameron Bate's residence was the *rendezvous* of a large number of her friends who are interested in bridge and on this occasion those who proved themselves the brightest players were Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara, Mrs. Nesbitt Kirchhoffer and Miss Edith Powell, who each received a pretty little gift. Additional guests arrived later, when tea and coffee were poured by Mrs. Fred Carling and Mrs. J. F. Kydd. Others who entertained at bridge during the week were Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. Norman Guthrie, Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Miss Norah McKiel, Mrs. R. Dunbar, Mrs. Frank Pedley and Mrs. Nathaniel Mills.

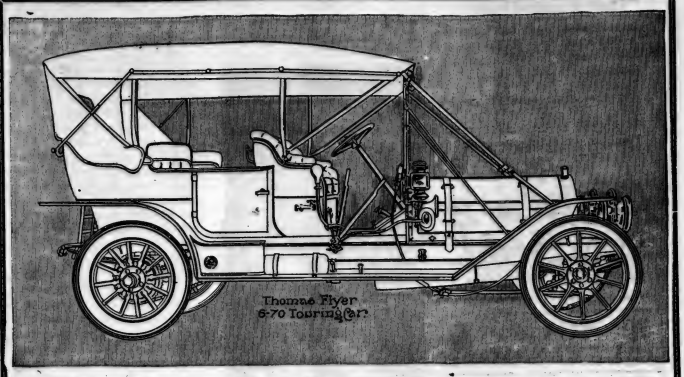
Several delightful teas were bright spots in the week's social calendar. One of these came off on Tuesday when Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara received a large number of her friends in her charming new home in Wurtenburg street. Mrs. O'Hara wore a very gracefully draped Directoire gown of fawn colored satin trimmed with handsome Persian embroidery and touches of gold. Mrs. A. D. Cartwright and Mrs. Frank Grierson occupied seats at either end of the table in the dining-room. The Misses Gwen and Elsie Burn, Mrs. Clarence Burritt and Miss Winifred Young assisted in seeing that all the guests were supplied with the tempting confections so bountifully provided.

Mrs. Frank Oliver added another to her already long list of this season's festivities by inviting over a hundred sessional guests to tea on Friday. The popular hostess looked extremely handsome in an exquisite gown of violet velvet prettily embroidered. Miss Claire Oliver was in pale blue velvet, and Miss Anna wore a most becoming costume of pale pink chiffon. A wealth of violets made a lovely decoration in the dining-room where, Mrs. Wilbert McIntyre, of Strathcona, Alta., Mrs. Ralph Smith, of Nanaimo, B.C., and Mrs. McCrancy, of Rosthern, Sask., wives of three of our most popular members of Parliament, did duty at the tea and coffee urns. Miss Fielding attended to the cutting of the ices and serving claret cup in the library across the hall, and was assisted by Miss Vaughan Avery and Miss Phyllie Young.

Sir Louis and Lady Davies also entertained at dinner on Thursday evening when their guests included Sir Charles and Lady Fitzpatrick, Hon. R. and Madame Lemieux, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Cassels, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Duff, Admiral Kingsmill, Col. and Mrs. Irwin, Col. and Mrs. J. G. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ewart and Mr. Warren Y. Soper.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Feb. 22, 1909.



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The Thomas 6-cylinder, 70 horse power, shown above, is the most powerful, complete and luxurious car on the market. Not because of any single detail but because of its absolute superiority in *every* detail, this car has earned its rank as

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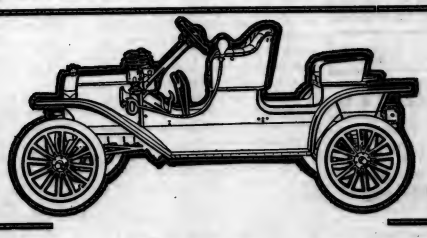

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For the physician or the business man whose needs demand a quick, efficient and reliable means of transportation, this car is not only more economical in first cost than any other but is less expensive to maintain, owing to its high grade construction.

Manufactured entirely at the Ford plant.

Four-cylinder, 20 H. P. motor, shaft drive, low tension Ford magneto, 30x3 1/2 inch tires, side oil lamps, tail lamp and tube horn.

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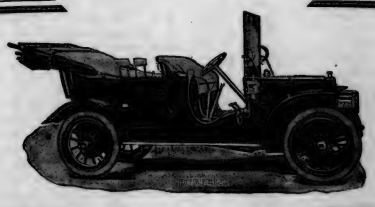
Send for our catalogues—call and ask for a demonstration.



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Special attraction—the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle, June 1st to October 16th.
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Special rates by the Canadian Pacific, the only line giving through service.
Wide choice of routes.
Make your plans early.

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Waltzing taught thoroughly by mail by a Parisian Professor. With the minute instructions, charts illustrating each figure, you cannot fail to learn by a few weeks' home practise. Send 50c. for Prof. de Tournes's ystem Hundreds sold. International Trading Co. Postal Station C, Box 26, Montreal.

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It is a recognized fact that Abbey's Salt is infallible for Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Sick Headaches and other Disorders of Digestion.

When you have any of these troubles, be sure you have the cure— 20

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JAMES YOUNG

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BROWN OF HARVARD

400 NIGHTS NEW YORK | 250 NIGHTS CHICAGO

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In the Late Sir Henry Irving's Masterpiece, "WATERLOO."

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Perch and Wire Artists.
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Late of the "Little Nemo" Co.
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"The Basket Party."

Special Extra Attraction

AL. LEECH AND HIS ROSE BUDS

The Merry Dancer and His Maids.

Mr. Charles Lazenby

will deliver a Course of Lectures during Lent, under the auspices of the Association of St. John, the Evangelist, on TUESDAY AFTERNOONS at 4.15 o'clock at the gallery of The Woman's Art Association, 594 Jarvis street.

March 2nd—Myths and Magic.
March 9th—Consciousness and Its Vehicles.
March 16th—The Origin of Religions.
March 23rd—The World's Great Scriptures.
March 30th—Theosophy.
April 6th—Symbolism and Evolution.

Admission to Single Lecture, 25c.

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Players under Ben Greet's personal direction and

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MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

MASSEY HALL.
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Prices: Evening, 50c. to $2.00.
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Sale begins Monday 9 a.m..

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The wondrous English violinists

MARIE HALL

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MASSEY HALL, MON. MAR. 1

Prices—50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50.
Seats now on sale.

2nd ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Canadian Art Club

will be formally opened by the Hon. Pres., Mr. D. R. Wilkie, and an address by Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., and will remain open until March 20th.

Open to Public Monday, March 1

THE DRAMA

LOUISE DRESSER
In "The Girls of Gottenberg," at the Princess next week.

MUCK-RAKING plays, like muck-raking novels and most other productions written "with a purpose," are seldom good for much except to give the unwary spectator a standard and measure of absolute boredom. They are called purpose-plays because they don't serve any good purpose in the whole weary world. But there are always exceptions, and during the week Toronto theatre-goers have had the opportunity of witnessing one of those happy exceptions. It is "Ganton & Co.," which has been running at the Royal Alexandra. This is a purpose play, but in following out his purpose the author did not entirely forget his play, and the result is a fine, satisfying production.

As has already been explained in these columns, "Ganton & Co." is a play of American business life, and its aim is to depict ruthless methods used in the great meat-packing industry of Chicago. These methods are personified in their most powerful and unscrupulous exponent, John Ganton, who is the great central figure of the play. Around him are grouped a number of people who are connected in a simple but adequate plot. The story is not at all a sensational one and is not worked out along sensational lines. But it is satisfying and keeps up the spectator's interest to the end. The main feature of the play, however, is the character of John Ganton, which is admirably interpreted by that excellent character actor, George Fawcett. His work in this part is deserving of very high praise, and to him is due a great part of the credit for the success of the production. His supporting cast, too, is a very capable one; and there have been few companies seen here this year in which the standard of acting was higher or more consistent.

Concerning the play itself, it is a new one having been out only three weeks, and it still requires a lot of pruning. There is quite a bit of unnecessary talking—largely of the "purpose" kind—and the whole action of the piece might be made more brisk and snappy by judicious elimination. But this will probably come in time. It is easy to do these things when there is such an excellent basis to build on as in this play. In the meantime the author and the actors are all to be congratulated on their success. Nor is the management of the Royal Alexandra to be forgotten, and their endeavor to give play-goers really first-class productions at popular prices.

* * *

One regrets one's inability to say for "Polly of the Circus" what has been said for "Ganton & Co." Polly, poor Polly, is bad, very bad. It is a silly, slushy, half-baked melodrama, full of the very cheapest kind of "heart interest," unrelieved by the gun-play which gives a zest to the real out-and-outers. Its only claim to attention is its fine setting, and a spectator of economic views must feel many a regret that so much good scenery should be wasted on such a sloppy contraption. The acting, too, is just about on a level with the play—which is as unkind a thing as the social amenities permit one to say. Miss Taliaferro is no doubt a very winsome little lady personally, but there were tones in her voice and tricks in her gestures hauntingly suggestive of heroines in "Nelly the Beautiful Cloak Model" and "Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl." In this respect the other members of the cast gave her excellent and consistent support. Altogether one would advise the producer, Mr. Thompson, to develope the circus act into a sure-nuff three-ringer, with menagerie and side-shows and all, cut out the rest of the play, and give the performance in a tent. In this way people could enjoy the show without having their finest sensibilities assaulted with a club. Poor little Polly—and that lovely young minister—oh, boo-hoo! hoo! hoo!

* * *

A GREAT deal has been said recently about objectionable plays and the necessity of taking steps to improve the moral atmosphere of the stage. In fact things have gone so far and the crusade against immorality on the stage has grown to such proportions that the Theatrical Syndicate has announced its intention of barring its doors to productions tainted with indecency. That there is much reason for this sudden upheaval is clear from the following statement from The New York Evening Post: "Not only is 'Salome,' against which there were such strong protests two years ago, being produced regularly, but there are at least four plays in hitherto reputable theatres so indecent or dealing with such disgusting themes that they would not have been tolerated a few years ago." This is a strong statement, and coming from so conservative and reliable a source as the Evening Post it deserves every consideration. It shows clearly that there is some justification for the attack on the modern stage now being made by leading churchmen. At the same time it must be admitted that even so good a thing as a crusade for morality can be carried too far, and this last one resembles many others in that it has given rise to a great deal of nonsense from over-enthusiastic partizans. These people forget that there is much to be said in favor of the dignified presentation of some of the darker sides of life, and that such a presentation may serve a very much higher purpose than the one attained in the bread-and-butter plays to which they would limit the stage. It is part of the mission of dramatic art, in company with all other true art, to teach through its presentation of life; and there are deep and tragic lessons to be drawn from what is called the "underworld." It would therefore be a very foolish and harmful proceeding for any man or body of men to issue the dictum that the authors of plays should resolutely blind themselves to an aspect of life which has a frightful importance in the world in which we live. The only result of this would be to take from the stage all seriousness and importance as an interpretation of life, and to reduce it from the domain of art to that of mere amusement. This would certainly be going too far, and a consciousness of this has prevented many from joining forces with the morality crusaders. At the same time, there are many productions for which no such plea can be made, productions whose only aim is to raise a laugh and which try to do so at the expense of the most sacred relations of life. Such productions are leprous and unclean, and it is the duty of every lover of dramatic art to join in the endeavor to sweep them from the stage.

NEXT WEEK'S THEATRICAL BILL OF FARE

Princess—"Girls of Gottenberg."
Royal Alexandra—"Brown of Harvard."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—Dainty Duchess Company.
Grand—"The Promoters."
Majestic—"A Child of the Regiment."

IN "The Girls of Gottenberg," which is coming to the Princess theatre next week, Toronto will get an English musical comedy, presented to a large extent by English players. The comedy is a London Gayety success, and when it was imported to the United States by Charles Frohman he brought along a number of the principal members of the company. To these were added on this side of the ocean a number of well known American players. The production ran for over four months in New York, and for about the same number of weeks in Chicago. It was very well received both by the public and the critics, who declared it to be tuneful, pretty, quite amusing, and entirely respectable.

The principal comedian of the organization is James Blakeley, who has earned his position as an American favorite by the successes he has scored in this country in "The School Girl" and "The Little Cherub." There are over twenty dancing girls from the London Gayety along with Mr. Blakeley, as well as a number of other comedians and special performers, including Lionel Mackinder, Ernest Coassart, Leslie Gaze, Ridgwell Cullum, Ross Clifford and others. In the American array of talent Louise Dresser, Aimee Angeles and May Naudain are conspicuous. John E. Hazzard, the author of "Ain't It Awful, Mabel," is also an American member of the company, as are Edward Garvie and Sarony Lambert.

"The Girls of Gottenberg" is in two acts and was written by George Grossmith, Jr., and L. E. Berman with music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton.

* * *

"Brown of Harvard" is the offering at the Royal Alexandra next week. It is one of the best of the college plays and has enjoyed a great popular success. The title role is taken in this production by James Young, who has been associated in leading roles with such stars as Sir Henry Irving, Mrs. Fiske, Annie Russell, and Viola Allen. "Brown of Harvard" was written for him by his wife, Rida Johnston Young, but being under contract himself, he seized an opportunity of having the play produced and allowed Mr. Harry Woodruff to receive first honors in a Broadway run which lasted for over a year at the Princess Theatre.

The story of "Brown of Harvard" is that of a wealthy, handsome chap, who is going his own way merrily

JAMES YOUNG
As "Brown, of Harvard," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

through college, and incidentally is helping other students, more ambitious than he, but less able financially to pay the expense of their education. One of these is Gerald Thorne, who has beaten Brown in the contest for stroke oar on the crew. Thorne's sister has been wronged by Wilton Kenyon, brother of Evelyn Kenyon, the girl with whom Brown is in love. Young Kenyon is in the power of Colton, a student gambler who is betting on the Yale crew. He forces Kenyon to have the girl disappear and takes care that Thorne hears of it. Thorne wild with rage refuses to row, but Brown takes his place and the race is won. As Brown is being borne victorious on the shoulders of the students after the contest, Thorne bursts through the throng, and in the presence of Evelyn accuses Brown of having been the cause of his sister's downfall. He has found that the girl possesses a cheque for $300, and although Brown realizes that this cheque drawn in his name has been forged by young Kenyon, his sweetheart's brother, Brown allows himself to rest temporarily under the accusation. But the tangles are all happily untangled in the last act.

* * *

At Shea's Theatre next week William H. Thompson will head the list in Conan Doyle's one-act play "Waterloo," which was last presented here by the late Sir Henry Irving. Other features for the week are Griff, the jesting juggler; The Avolos, xylophone experts; Al Leech and his "Rosebuds"; Little Sunshine of "Little Nemo"; Carson & Willard, "The Dutch in Egypt"; the Yamamoto Brothers, and the Kinetograph.

* * *

The Gayety next week will have "The Dainty Duchess" company, in a burlesque and vaudeville entertainment. The two musical farces on the bill, "An American Stew" and "The Dainty Duchess" are by Sol Fields. Mildred Stoller, Bessie Moulton and Ida Bayton have the principal feminine parts, and Phil Mills, Clarence Callaway, Bill Potter, Frank Hunter and Fred Whitefield furnish the comedy. The extra feature of the performance will be Mildred Stoller in impersonations of famous actresses.

* * *

One of the most important dramatic offerings of the season will be the presentation of "Peer Gynt" to be given by Louis James and his company at the Princess for one week commencing Monday, March 22nd. One of the features of this production will be the music incidental to the play, the Grieg suites composed especially for this comedy by Edward Grieg. The entire Richard Mansfield production is used, Mr. James having secured it from the Mansfield estate.

* * *

The attraction at the Princess Theatre for the week beginning Monday, March 8, will be Scott Welsh in Cohan & Harris' production of George M. Cohan's musical play, "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," with the original company and production.

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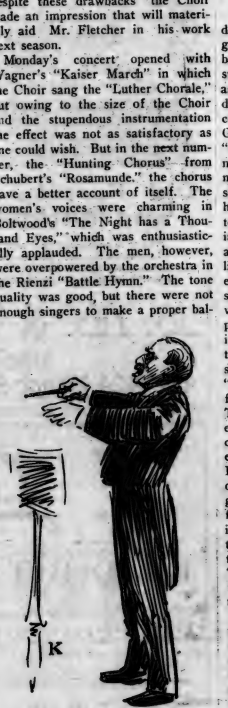
MUSIC

IT is a great pleasure to note the decided advance of the Schubert Choir, and the marked improvement in the Pittsburg Orchestra. Mr. Fletcher is doing a splendid work, and is to be congratulated on his success, for the two concerts he gave this week were thoroughly enjoyable. There is no city on this continent where the standard of choral work is higher than right here in Toronto, and to attract such audiences as he did is convincing proof that he has found his work and is doing it. Next to the Mendelssohn Choir, he presented the most exacting programmes that have been offered us this season, and his singers responded nobly to the demands he made upon them—surprisingly so when one realizes that this is only the fourth season the Choir has been in existence. In the excerpt from Mozart's "King Thamos" he achieved climaxes that were thrilling, and in the Elgar part song, "Weary Wind of the West," the dynamic effects were charming. He has the same difficulty to contend against that all young choruses have to face—lack of balance. The male sections were weak in comparison with the female, while his trebles had at times the peculiar quality that is always found in young singers they were never unpleasantly shrill, and their intonation was remarkably accurate. The altos were unusually good; so good in fact that they rather overshadowed their sisters. The tenors were numerically weak but of excellent quality, and this is remarkable because of the tendency of parts numerically weak to force their voices. The basses lacked depth, it was more baritone than bass, and this of course seriously affected the *ensemble;* yet despite these drawbacks the Choir made an impression that will materially aid Mr. Fletcher in his work next season.

Monday's concert opened with Wagner's "Kaiser March" in which the Choir sang the "Luther Chorale," but owing to the size of the Choir and the stupendous instrumentation the effect was not as satisfactory as one could wish. But in the next number, the "Hunting Chorus" from Schubert's "Rosamunde," the chorus gave a better account of itself. The women's voices were charming in Boltwood's "The Night has a Thousand Eyes," which was enthusiastically applauded. The men, however, were overpowered by the orchestra in the Rienzi "Battle Hymn." The tone quality was good, but there were not enough singers to make a proper balance. Although songs like the Brahms' "Weigenlied" are not admirable made into choruses the Choir sang the arrangement beautifully. Elgar's "Weary Wind of the West" is an ambitious thing for any chorus to attempt, but it was well sung. Mr. Fletcher got some effective sforzandos and some genuinely virtuoso effects which showed the possibilities of his Choir in a remarkable degree. Faning's "Liberty" is disappointing. It is a theatrical attempt and not worthy of the Schubert Choir. Mr. Fletcher had carefully rehearsed it and got quite all there is in it, but it lacks the spontaneity of most of Mr. Faning's work. It served this purpose. It proved that the Schubert Choir has a right to exist, but it is not yet ready to do the "Credo" and "Agnus Dei" from Schubert's Mass in G major, not because they lack charm but because they belong to a class of music that requires singers of wide experience to interpret. The four "Vocal Dances" by Schubert were well done. Mr. Fletcher kept the rhythms nicely contrasted, and the Choir delivered the text with full appreciation of its meaning, particularly in "Hark! Silver Bells." West's arrangement of "Who is Sylvia?" offends less than any one who had not heard it could believe. In its original form it is so perfect, the smooth flowing voice part being enhanced by the very metrical accompaniment which is essentially pianistic, that one did not want to hear the altered version, but its rendition was agreeably surprising. The clear voices of the trebles made the melody satisfactorily prominent and the well-drilled middle sections unobtrusively gave the counter melodies, while the basses marked the time. This was sung Monday night as an encore and as a regular programme number Tuesday. It is to be hoped that Mr. Fletcher will do more of the English Glees and part songs like Leslie's "Up, Up, ye Dames." They are being neglected by most choral societies for more pretentious and less pleasing show pieces. At least two-thirds of his programme might well be devoted to this form of music, in which British composers have excelled. Elgar and Faning are spontaneous and delightful in it, and labored and uninteresting in their so-called dramatic scenes. They are not dramatic in any way and their efforts to be so are painfully self-conscious, and this seriously handicaps any chorus. But the joyous freedom of a boy out of school effervesces and sparkles in "Up, Up, ye Dames," and the singers feel it and give it out to the audience. The authority that was lacking in the excerpts from the Schubert Mass was convincingly prominent in the humoresque by Boughton, "King Arthur Had Three Sons." This was done at one of last season's concerts and this gave the Choir a most contagious confidence. Comparisons are odious but inevitable, so I record the opinion that the Schubert Choir sang it better than the Sheffield Choir did last autumn. The fun was more unctious, and quite free from the self-consciousness of the English chorus.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH.
These portraits show the singer as she began and as she ended her operatic career. Her retirement is now announced.



An Impression of Emil Paur at Work.

The work of the Schubert Choir for the season of 1908-9 culminated in a spirited performance of Mozart's motette from "King Thamos," "Godhead Throned in Power." There was a splendid solidity in the tone that brought out the grandeur of the composition, and the balance between singers and orchestra was better preserved than in any other number, thereby forming a finale that Mr. Fletcher has every reason to be proud of.

* * *

OF the Pittsburg Orchestra and its wonderful advance under Mr. Paur's direction the half had not been told. To me the most notable change is in the wood winds and next in the brass. The first clarinet has a most engaging tone and he plays with such fine musical feeling that he deserves mention by name. He is Mr. Fred Van Amburgh, and an artist. Both in Mr. Paur's "Symphony" and in "Till Eulenspiegel" he was much in evidence. Mr. Tak, the new concert master, is also a welcome addition. One thing is especially noticeable and that is the sympathy between conductor and players. They respond to his demands with such cheerful alacrity and hearty good will that the audience get an added pleasure in watching them. I have never heard anyone conduct Wagner better than Mr. Paur, and only one man who equalled him, and that was Seidl. He is so virile and masculine himself that he evidently finds it a joyful task to play the master's works.

He gave us the "Kaiser March," the "Rienzi Overture," and the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," the last as an encore, with magnificent spirit and enthusiasm. The Tschaikowsky "Italian Caprice" in a way belongs in the same category as his 1812; it is full of contrast and quite the sort of thing to end a programme and send an audience home with tingling nerves and pulsing blood. As revealing one phase of Mr. Paur's many-sided nature, it formed a fine antithesis for the Schubert numbers of the next night. It was a masterly stroke to combine the Rosamunde excerpts and the "Hungarian March" (orchestrated by Liszt). The Paur of Wagner, of Strauss, of Tschaikowsky was far, far away, and we had a lyric poet who spoke in zephyrs redolent of roses. While he was playing the Rosamunde suite one scarcely dared to breathe lest the spell be broken, and the "Hungarian March" was pure Schubert. No trace of Berlioz or any of the thunderers. Nothing that the orchestra did was more indicative of Paur's genius than these gems of musical poesy.

Strauss at any rate is quite consistent, and it is not because he has no gift of melody that he writes as he does. If one can forget his musical prejudices and listen to the marvelous realism of his tone pictures instead of trying to catch a tune that can be whistled or a rhythm that the foot can tap in time to, there is a wealth of genuine pleasure in Strauss's music. The way the melodic bits in "Till Eulenspiegel" flicker around the orchestra makes one think of a mischievous school boy with a small mirror with which he throws the sun's rays into the unsuspecting eyes of the passersby. Under Mr. Paur's baton it was a perfect carnival of impish fun, which he enjoyed as much as we.

And now for the climax of this season's orchestral delights, "In der Natur." It is the most self-respecting human document that I know. It tells us all we have any right to know of the composer's attitude toward the outside world. It is not an overfrank confession like Rousseau's nor a reflective journal like Amiel's, but the life-philosophy of a man who has lived healthfully and normally, has suffered as all men suffer, but has not become morbid. He has found that Dame Nature has a warm, motherly heart and soothes our griefs by showing us their meaning, and when we go to her she kisses away the pain and makes us better able to bear the next blow. I cannot write a musical analysis of "In der Natur," and I agree with Mr. Charlesworth when he says that a literary programme is unnecessary. If it helps anyone to enjoy such a work by trying to see the two old men and the teasing boys all right, but the music tells me all I can comprehend and far more than I can express. This much is easily said: it is spontaneous and so direct that all signs of cleverness are hidden away so that nothing distracts one while listening to it. For this reason it is over long before one realizes that almost an hour is required for its performance. And so delightfully has the time passed that one would gladly welcome another movement. To one who has had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Paur for a great many years, and of seeing him under many conditions, the message of the Symphony is too deep for words. To those who know him and love him he has given a glimpse of the man Paur who is bigger and more wonderful than any symphony ever written. He is one of the most fearlessly and aggressively honest of men. Whatever faults he has are part and partial of such a nature. He never poses, and he has no fads. He holds his position as though it were a public trust and never allows his personal preferences to stand in the way of giving every man a fair hearing. This, I think, is the true programme of "In der Natur"—Emil Paur, man, gentleman, artist, and musician; one who smiles in public, and if he needs must weep will weep in private. He can be more deeply hurt by a failure to understand him than by any adverse criticism of his work.

* * *

ON the 1st inst. the Trinity College Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Francis H. Coombs, gave its annual concert in Trinity Convocation Hall. Mr. Coombs has a number of fine voices in his club this season, and the singing was very delightful. The opening number, Hawley's setting of the "Bugle Song" from Tennyson's "Princess" went with nerve and put the audience in the humor to enjoy the rest of the programme. In Little's quartette, "Echoes," the voices of Messrs. McGreer and Hornibrook were especially beautiful, and this was one of the most appreciated numbers. The space given to the Schubert Choir concerts prevents the giving of a more detailed appreciation of the concert, but it was just what one would expect from a man with the vocal and musical ideals that Mr. Coombs has. I have always enjoyed the singing of his pupils and his causerie on music in general. The assisting artists were Miss Hope Morgan, who was in fine voice and sang her songs delightfully, although perhaps she takes "Vous dansez" a little too fast. Her singing of the valse-ariette from Gounod's "Mireille" was charming. Dr. Frederic Nicolai played beautifully, and was compelled to respond to a recall. Mr. W. T. Thompson played the Leschitizky "Barcarolle" and the "Revolutionary Etude" of Chopin very effectively, and was heartily applauded. Mrs. Blight and Mme. Coward were the accompanists.

* * *

The recital given by Mr. Walter Gordon Craig, reader, in Association Hall, on Thursday evening of last week, was listened to by an attentive and very well-pleased audience. Mr. Craig's numbers included "As Red Men Die," by Pauline Johnston; "King Robert of Sicily," by Longfellow; and two Scotch pieces. In the first named numbers Mr. Craig showed that he is possessed of histrionic power in a marked degree. His voice is strong and musical; his gestures are natural and graceful, and his general appearance on the platform is attractive. In his Scotch readings, more especially in "Saunders McGlashan's Courtship," he made a decided hit; indeed it may be doubted whether that pawky piece of genuine Scotch humor has ever before received a better interpretation in Toronto. In response to an encore Mr. Craig gave "She Liked Him Rale Weel," in the interpretation of which he was no less successful. Judging from the marked success which attended his efforts last Thursday night, Mr. Craig has a bright future before him. The supporting artists were all very successful, and the applause their contributions called forth afforded ample testimony of the audience's pleasure. Among those who took part were: John McLinden, 'cellist; David Ross, baritone; and Galloway's orchestra.

Last Saturday night Mr. John Linden, cellist, and Mr. Richard Tattersall, pianist and organist, gave a recital in Conservatory Hall for the benefit of Georgina House. Mr. Linden was very successful in the St. Saens' concerto, which gave him ample opportunity to reveal his command over the instrument and his musicianship. He is a fine temperamental player with a wonderful technique. His playing of the Svendsen (violin) "Romance" was an interesting display of virtuosity. Mr. Tattersall is undoubtedly a better organist than pianist, for his playing of the Widor number was one of the greatest treats of the evening. The assisting vocalists were Mrs. Graham-Keller, who has a fine dramatic soprano voice and sang the "Samson and Delilah" aria with considerable fire; and Miss Jessie McArthur, a young girl from Winnipeg, at present a resident pupil at Westminster College. Miss McArthur's voice is a pure, flexible soprano which was given free play in the "Romeo and Juliet" waltz. She also sang a group of songs charmingly.

* * *

Mr. Wheeldon has another interesting programme for this afternoon. It opens with Rousseau's "Entree," followed by an intermezzo by Massenet, "Sonata in C minor" by Guilmant, "In the Cloister," which introduces the chimes, and Claussmann's "Toccata in F."

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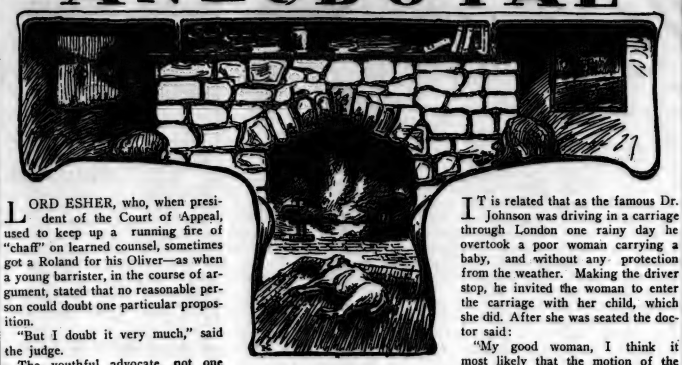

LORD ESHER, who, when president of the Court of Appeal, used to keep up a running fire of "chaff" on learned counsel, sometimes got a Roland for his Oliver—as when a young barrister, in the course of argument, stated that no reasonable person could doubt one particular proposition.

"But I doubt it very much," said the judge.

The youthful advocate, not one whit abashed, replied: "I said no reasonable person, my Lord."

The Master of the Rolls could only gasp: "Proceed, sir, proceed."

* * *

A BOSTON painter who died not long ago was a broken-down wreck in his later days. Some feeling of pride and shame clung to him to the last, however, and, although he lived upon the charity of his friends, he never asked for money outright. In the crown of his hat he pasted this request: "Please lend me a quarter," printed in big, staring letters.

When making a call he would doff his hat with much show of dignity, and there would be the mute appeal staring in the face his intended victim. The scheme never failed.

* * *

BUFFALO BILL, who says that with hard work a man should live to be a centenarian, talked, at a reunion of Kansas cavalrymen, about straight shooting.

"It is hard work to learn to be a good shot," he said. "We Americans are better shots than most," he continued. "A French prince visited me on my ranch once, and we went out after birds. I came back with a full bag, but when I asked the prince what he had killed, he said proudly;

"'Of ze bairds, none! sey are too difficle; but of ze vild cows and calves, I 'ave mine ovair ze 'ill.'"

* * *

TWO Irishmen were discussing the death of a friend.

Said Pat:

"Sure, Casey was a good fellow."

"He was that," replied Mike. "A good fellow, Casey."

"And a cheerful man was Casey," said Pat.

"A cheerful man was Casey, the cheerfulest I ever knew," echoed Mike.

"Casey was a generous man, too," said Pat.

"Generous, you say? Well, I don't know so much about that. Did Casey ever buy you anything?"

"Well, nearly," replied Mike, scratching his head. "One day he came into Flaherty's bar-room, where me and my friends were drinking, and he said to us: 'Well, men, what are we going to have—rain or snow?'"

* * *

A SHREWD-looking man called at a physician's office the other day.

"Doctor," said he, "how many feet of gas does it take to kill a person?"

"That's rather a queer question," replied the doctor. "Why do you wish to know?"

"Well, you see one of the guests at my hotel used enough of it to kill himself, and I want to send in a proper bill to his executors."

* * *

ON the eve of leaving London for Canada, Mrs. Brooke, who wrote "The History of Emily Montague," the first novel written in Canada, gave a farewell party, Hannah More, Johnson and Boswell being of the company.

Dr. Johnson was obliged to leave early, and apparently departed after wishing his hostess health and happiness. Shortly after a servant whispered to Mrs. Brooke that a gentleman was waiting below to speak to her. Running down stairs, the fair novelist found the venerable lexicographer.

"Madam," said he, ponderously, "I sent for you down stairs that I might kiss you, which I did not choose to do before so much company."

* * *

A SAILOR entered a livery-stable to hire a horse for the day, to take some friends into the country. The proprietor had one brought out for inspection, and began:

"There's a beauty for you! Small head, clean legs, short back—"

"Short back be blowed! We want one with a long back. It's to carry nine."

AN Irishman, walking along a railway track, heard a train approaching and commenced to run. Half a dozen men working on the line shouted to him to get off the track. Pat took no notice of their shouts that he would be killed unless he got out of the way, but kept on running until the cow-catcher eventually landed him in the ditch. Hurrying up, the men who had seen him struck expected to pick him up in pieces, but were surprised to find him only slightly stunned.

"Why in thunder, man, didn't you get off the track?" asked the foreman of the gang.

Pat opened his eyes and, with a look of contempt, answered:

"Phat would have been the use of getting off the track? Why I couldn't beat that thing on the dead level."

* * *

BELIEVING with Solomon that to spare the rod is to spoil the child, an earnest parent keeps in a certain closet a leather strap with which he administers punishment to his offspring when they commit any misdemeanor.

A few days ago he had occasion to need the strap, but it was missing from its usual place, and a thorough search of the entire flat failed to discover it. Then he offered a reward of five cents to whosoever of his olive branches could tell him what had become of the lost article.

"Gimme the nickel," cried four-year old Ben; "I know where it is."

When the coin was safely stowed away in his trousers pocket he said with much pride:

"I frowed it down the air shaft."

* * *

KINGLAKE, the author of "Eothen," was afflicted with gout, and he had a fancy to try a lady doctor, and wrote to one to ask if gout was beyond her scope.

She replied: "Dear sir, gout is not beyond my scope, but men are."

It was Kinglake who uttered one of the neatest of *mots* on the peculiar character of The Times. He had little fondness for that journal, in spite of personal friendships which might have been expected to soften his view of the question. The paper was still to him a sort of juggernaut, irresistible and fateful. On seeing the announcement of the new editor's marriage, he exclaimed:

"Heavens! that brings The Times into relations with humanity."

* * *

THE rigid observance of English rules in South Carolina courts, and the neglect of the same on the part of a barrister well known in his day, gave rise to the following passage:

"Mr. P——," said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You can't speak."

"May it please the bench," said the barrister, "I conform strictly to the law. Let me illustrate. The law says the barrister shall wear a black gown and coat, and your honor thinks that means a black coat?"

"Yes," said the judge.

"Well, the law also says the sheriff shall wear a cocked hat and sword. Does your honor hold that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

He was permitted to proceed.

* * *

ON one occasion when a guide in the northern woods was accompanying an amateur huntsman from a city which shall be nameless, the guide was so unfortunate as to be shot in the leg by the novice.

Immediately the wounded man fell and lay flat; whereupon the huntsman ran to him in great distress, exclaiming:

"For Heaven's sake, man! Tell me you are not hurt!"

"No, I ain't hurt much," was the surly response of the guide.

"Then, why don't you rise? Can't you?"

"Oh, I can get up all right." said the guide. "Only I was afraid you'd let me have the other barrel."

IT is related that as the famous Dr. Johnson was driving in a carriage through London one rainy day he overtook a poor woman carrying a baby, and without any protection from the weather. Making the driver stop, he invited the woman to enter the carriage with her child, which she did. After she was seated the doctor said:

"My good woman, I think it most likely that the motion of the coach will wake your child in a little while, and I wish you to understand that if you talk any baby-talk to it, you will have to get out and walk."

As the doctor anticipated, the child soon awoke, and the forgetful mother exclaimed to it:

"Oh, the little dear! Is he going to open his eyesy-pysy?"

"Stop the coach, driver!" shouted Johnson; and the woman had to get out and finish her journey on foot.

* * *

THE old colored parson had just concluded a powerful sermon on "Salvation am Free," and was announcing that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the parson and his family. Up jumped an acutely brunette brother in the back of the church.

"Look a-year, parson," he interrupted, "yo' ain't no sooner done tellin' us dat salvation am free dan yo' go askin' us fo' money. If salvation am free, what's de use in payin' yo' fo' it? Dat's what I want to know. An' I tell yo' p'ntedly dat I ain't goin' to gib yo' nothin' until I find out. Now—"

"Patience, brudder, patience," said the parson. "I'll 'lucidate: S'pose yo' was thirsty an' come to a river. Yo' could kneel right down an' drink yo' fill, couldn't yo'? An' it wouldn't cost yo' nothin', would it?"

"Oh course not. Dat's jest what I——"

"Dat water would be 'free," continued the parson. "But s'posin' yo' was to hab dat water piped to yo' house. Yo'd have to pay, wouldn't yo'?"

"Yas, sah, but——"

"Wal, brudder, so it is wid salvation. De salvation am free, but it's de havin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got to pay fo'. Pass de hat, deacon, pass de hat."

* * *

HARRY LAUDER, at a dinner in Washington, said of his kilt:

"Speaker Cannon tells me that the kilt would never be popular on the wind-swept prairies of Illinois. Why not? The bare knee hardens to the cold like the bare face. But to hear some people talk, you'd think the kilt as intolerable as Sanders McDowell's top hat.

"Sanders McDowell, a coal heaver of Peebles, said angrily to his wife one night:

"'Havers, Lispeth, hoo many times am I tell ye I winna hae the children bringin'up coal in my top hat?'

"'Hoot, Sanders, mon, be reasonable,' said Lispeth. 'Ye've spoilt the shape o' the top hat wi' yer funny head already; an' since ye're heavin' coal all day, what can a little extra coal dust in the headpiece matter?'

"'Woman, ye dinna grasp ma argyment,' said Sanders. 'I only wear that top hat in the evenin', an' if, whiles I'm out, I tak' it off it leaves a black band round ma forehead. What's the rasook? Why, I'm accused on all sides o' washin ma face wi' ma hat on!'"

* * *

AN instructor of cookery in a certain school was endeavoring to make clear to her pupils which portions of a side of beef yielded the various butcher's "cuts." The neck, shoulder, leg and loin had been successively pointed out.

"Now, Alice," said the teacher to her brightest girl, "there is one portion I've not yet mentioned. Your father is a groom, he frequently rides horseback. Come, now, tell me, what does he often put on a horse?"

"Two dollars each way, ma'am," replied sophisticated Alice.

* * *

THE other-people's-business man persisted in trying to extract information from a prosperous looking elderly man next him in the Pullman smoker. "How many people work in your office?" he asked.

"Oh," said the elderly man, getting up and throwing away his cigar, "I should say, at a rough guess, about two-thirds of them."

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

It is not often that society dons fancy dress and masks two nights in succession as happened last week, the second gay gathering taking place on Wednesday night at Llawhaden, which handsome mansion was lent by its mistress to the Strathcona Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, of which Miss Melvin-Jones is the popular Regent. The moment the guests entered, a patriotic note was touched, for the great carved mantel in the large hall was draped with British and Canadian flags, and the tall white standard of the Chapter with its silk Union Jack stood guard near by. Mrs. Melvin-Jones and two invited matrons, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander and Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft, were an elegantly gowned trio of patriotic Daughters of the Empire, of whom the Order is justly proud. Miss Melvin-Jones wore the beautiful rose costume which was so much admired at Benvenuto on Tuesday. Some of the guests retained their costumes of the previous dance, and some changed with one another greatly to the confusion of the over-sure. A few of the girls were Miss Elizabeth Blackstock as a school girl in a gingham frock and muslin "pinny," a rough straw hat, rag doll, and slate whereon she drew weird pictures of her friends; Miss Gret Haney as a Jap was completely disguised, black hair and eyebrows replacing her blonde ones; her sister, Miss Eve Haney, was a graceful Greek girl in white and gold. Miss Hazel Kemp was lovely in old rose and white as a court-lady. Miss Marguerite Fleury was fascinating as an Indian lady with pale green gown and "saree" of white gauze, bound by a silver fillet about her head. Miss Nesta Mackenzie was an Italian tambourine girl. Miss Evelyn Taylor was a yellow daisy, Miss Fitzgerald a graceful lady in black with Greek bands of silver on her hair and a transparent floating mantle edged with silver. Miss Helen Davidson wore her little squaw costume, and Miss Brouse was a pretty Dolly Varden. Miss Garrow was a petite Dutch girl; Miss Jean Alexander was a Gainsboro; Miss Hilda Burton was a little girl in pink, Miss Charlotte Gooderham was a Normandy peasant in white and blue; Miss Joyce Plummer was a Spanish lady in black satin and pearls; Miss Patti Warren was a Senorita in lace mantilla and black gown with a huge fan to help distract her admirers; Miss Isobel Robertson was Juliet; Miss Flora Macdonald was a Louis XIV. Court lady; Miss Heron was a pretty little peasant. Mr. Campbell was a friar, Dr. Mackenzie was in Scotch costume; Mr. Plummer was a green satin domino; Mr. Rex Northcote a gorgeous mandarin; Mr. Cambie a chef, and Mrs. Cambie a French lady; Mr. Gerald Larkin was a stunning Mephisto in a rich silk costume; Mr. Harry Grubbe was a Moor, Mr. Victor Heron a monk, Mr. Eric Armour Cardinal Richelieu in red robes; Dr. Bruce a black domino, and Mr. Gordon Mackenzie an Arab. Space fails to enumerate any further. A light supper was served after masks were removed at eleven o'clock, in the banquet sun-parlor from a buffet prettily decorated. The girls of Strathcona Chapter presented their kind hostess with a huge bouquet of violets and their regent with a large bunch of lily of the valley. The dance was in every way a great success.

That a postponement isn't always detrimental to the success of a social event, as one often hears stated, has been several times proven this year, but never more conclusively than on Monday evening when the Trinity conversazione, which was put off in respect to the memory of the late Primate, was held in the College Hall. Everything went unusually well, the attendance was immense, and the general effect of more than usual smartness. The Provost and his sister, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Miss Cartwright and several of the other patronesses lent their able assistance in welcoming and looking after the guests, though an extra-agile and observant committee did fine work on the same lines. The orchestra played in the main entrance to Convocation Hall, the guests using the side stairways coming and going, and the dais at the north end being arranged as a sitting-room with palms and easy chairs. Many of the young folks in their first season again frisked through numbers which last year they enjoyed with the crowd of not-outs who revel in the various collegiate dances. The girls and their frocks showed no hint that this was the last evening, but one at which they were to circle gaily in waltz and two-step, to which dances our present-day programmes seem to be devoted. The unique charm of Trinity, the tete-a-tete in some dim corner of the long winding corridors, or the cosy flirtation in some decorated "den," where one's host has provided good things to eat, and flowers to admire, were enjoyed to the utmost, and the dances between possessed added zest after a rest in some spacious study chair or many cushioned cosy corner. Those who could find no rest for the soles of their feet, in the crowded hall, fluttered, like Noah's dove, out into the entrance hall, and danced there, the band being quite near and pleasantly audible. The supper in Commons was very nicely served, and the huge hearth fire was delightful, though the night was mild and the whole college of a pleasant temperature. The Dean and Mrs. Duckworth, neither of whom has been in good health lately after attacks of grippe, were on hand for the first dance since they took up residence in College, the bride of last year in a soft white silk trained gown. The Provost entertained a number of the patronesses and other friends in his study, where a dainty supper was served, and where Mrs. Fleming was hostess. A few who dropped in about eleven were the Dean and Mrs. Duckworth, Mrs. Malevor, Mr. and Mrs. George Webster, Mr. Stupart, Lady Dorothy Smyly, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dykes, Miss Cartwright, Professor Young and Professor Routh, who received many thanks for and compliments on his clever lecture of the previous Saturday. To enumerate the many pretty girls and smart young men at this dance would take more space than I can spare in this last crowded week of the ante-Lenten season.

St. Andrew's College dance last Friday night was another record-breaker for attendance and beauty, although everyone regretted that Lady Clark (who was in retirement on account of the death of her relative, Mr. Mackay), and Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald (who was not yet strong enough to stand the duties of hostess) were neither able to be present. That always kind and gracious friend of the College, Mrs. Gooderham, of Deancroft, was asked to act as hostess in Lady Clark's stead, and did so, looking very well in a beautiful white gown with pink roses in raised needlework, rich white lace and diamonds. The party from Deancroft included Colonel Gooderham, who came in Grenadier uniform; Miss Charlotte Gooderham, in a white satin gown, and Messrs. Albert and Melville Gooderham. The music was excellent, and was stationed on a dais at the east end of the Assembly Hall, behind a forest of palms. The crowd was so large that many danced out in the wide cross-corridor, and some in an ante-room. It was a very attractive crowd, too, the girls in their prettiest gowns, and the Cadet Corps and some of the other men in uniform, Mr. Taylor, of the College staff, wearing the blue and silver of the Body Guard. Sentries in kilts stood guard in the halls and directed the incoming guests, and a bugler announced the dances. Supper was served in the refectory down stairs, where a long buffet was decorated with flowers and bounteously spread for the large and happy party, who came down in relays. Among the chaperones were Mrs. Gregory, with a pretty group of Westminster College girls, and Miss Neelands, with some of the students from St. Margaret's, who all had a royal time. Among the many pretty girls were Miss Marguerite Cotton, who wore a lovely gown, and carried a huge bouquet of violets, edged with lily of the valley, a touch of scarlet in her raven hair; Miss Irene Doolittle, in palest green satin, *a la Watteau*, who was quite proud of "brother Gordon" in his kilts; Miss Gladys Parry, in a white gown, and her sister bud, Miss Isabel Clark, tall and handsome, in white; Miss Marjorie Malcolm in cerise satin, Miss Eve Haney in palest blue, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, Miss Armour in white and gold, Miss Taylor, a bright and pretty debutante; Miss Sankey in pale yellow, Miss Hilda Burton in pale blue, Miss Gypsey Grasett, Miss Henderson, Miss Helen Adams, Miss Dorothy Walker, looking extremely pretty; Miss Olive Sheppard in yellow satin touched with black and white lace, Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss Violet Lee, who dances beautifully, as so many of the not-outs do; Miss Evelyn Mackenzie, Miss Mary Davidson in a dainty white frock, Miss Evelyn Taylor in white over pale pink, and any number of others. Naturally there were shoals of partners for these charming girlls, and the dances were encored with a fervor which spoke wonders for the way they were enjoyed. Mr. J. K. Macdonald of Cona Lodge, Miss Helen Macdonald and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Macdonald were among the guests, taking the greatest interest and pride in the success of the College. Lady Dorothy Smyly was one of those looking in late on such a busy evening, and said she had never seen a more attractive presentation of the youth and beauty of Toronto. Mrs. Macdonald returned to the Principal's quarters on Saturday, where she is now convalescing, and where her many friends hope she will soon be her own bright self—the most delightful of hostesses.

The opening of the Ontario Society of Artists 1909 exhibiton of pictures in the Gallery, King street west, took place last Friday night, and was for several reasons unusually successful. The pictures are better, the place was cooler, and the crowd not so great as on the memorable night last year, when the temperature was an unforgettable thing. No one can really see the pictures, anyhow, on opening night, but anyone could accept the hint (broadside, rather) given by Mr. Byron E. Walker, in his opening speech, that they were worth purchasing. The big canvases are Mr. G. A. Reid's "Homeseekers," the pioneers with ox team and prairie wagon; Mr. Wyly Grier's delightful portrait of "A Gentleman of the Old School;" Miss Shore's woman and cats, in her customary daring flesh and gown tints, which cause a thrill of something like fear to creep over the beholder, but are noted clever by critics; a portrait of Miss Helen Merrill, a symphony in warm brown tones, by Mr. Forster, and much admired, and a splendid Dutch peasant girl, who had a good share of approval and attention. There was music in the entrance hall, and a buffet with flowers and refreshments about ten o'clock, and among those enjoying the evening were: Mr. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty, the Misses Hagarty, Colonel and Miss Biscoe, Professor Keyes, Professor, Mrs. and Miss Mavor, Lady Dorothy Smyly, Professor and Mrs. Van der Smissen, Mr. and Mrs. Alley, Miss Rene Hugel, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, Mr., Mrs. and Miss O'Brien, of Dromoland; Mrs. L. R. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Hahn, Mr. Forster, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. Hodgins, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Miss Helen Merrill, Mr. Gagen, Dr. Stowe Gullen, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Miss Wood, of Havergal; Miss Brock, and many others.

Unkind weather interfered with the success of the carnival for charity, arranged by the members of the Skating Club at the Granite Rink on February 19. Quite a number turned out in costume, however, and skated as best they could on soft ice, and others taking it for granted the thaw would cause the event to be called off, remained at home, reading with some chagrin the account of the carnival in Saturday's evening papers. Two prizes were awarded for best costumes, the lady's prize going to Miss Edgar, who both looked and skated beautifully as Gowganda Gold Mine, and the gentleman's to Mr. Mews. Other good costumes were Miss Haney, "Cheyenne," and Mr. Keith Edgar, Indian chief; Mr. Jarvis, "Laplander;" Mrs. Burns, "Mother Goose;" Mr. George Parton, "Baby;" Miss Marjorie Cochrane, Japanese; Mr. Gordon Heron, "One of the Finest;" Miss Cattanach, "Cranford;" Mr. H. W. Edgar, "Royal Artillery;" Misses Rathbun and Lockhart Gordon and Mrs. Temple Blackwood, "Three Old Maids of Lea;" Mr. Mews, a Spanish Cavalier; Mr. J. Robertson, monk; Mr. Stikeman, College Don; Mrs. Stikeman, Italian girl; Miss Hilda Reid, Irish peasant; Miss W. Heron, Italian peasant; Miss Enid Wornum, Colleen Bawn; Miss Adams, Night; Miss Cayley, French lady; Mr. Sniveley, sandwich man; Miss Jessie Johnston, Dresden shepherdess; Mr. John Greey, sailor boy; Mr. Lock, a Suffragette; Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, a Mexican; Mr. Lockhart Gordon, cricketer; Miss Elizabeth Blackstock and Miss Flora Macdonald, *filles du regiment*, the former in Grenadier and the latter in Highlander's uniform. Mr. Marvin Rathbun was a cowboy, Mr. Norman Patterson, George III.; Miss Reeve, milkmaid; Miss Maud Boyd, Portia; Miss Muriel Strathy, Red Riding Hood; Miss Hilda Cayley, Austrian peasant; Miss Fellowes, Night; Mr. McCarthy, South African constabulary; Mr. Mackenzie, King Charles. There was a band in the east gallery and very nice refreshments were served in the tea-room at the entrance. There was no striking exhibition of fancy skating, as the ice was not in fit condition. The proceeds of the carnival went in aid of the Home for Incurable Children.

Miss Ruth Fuller is in town from New York, and is the guest of Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston.

Mr. Kelly Evans returned on February 16 from England, where he went in the interests of game preservation in Canada some months ago. Mr. Evans spent some time with his mother in Brighton also

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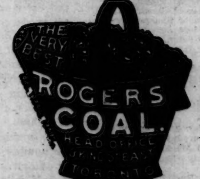

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Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

BURNETT—At 1547 Queen street west, Toronto, on Wednesday, February 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Burnett, a son.

CARRE—At Kingsville, on the 19th February, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carre, a daughter.

McKAY—At Collingwood, February 19, 1909, to Dr. and Mrs. Donald McKay, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

HUTCHINSON-BEETON—At Toronto, in St. Thomas' church, on February 18, 1909, by the Rev. C. Ensor Sharpe, rector, Lillian Maude, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Beeton, to George Hutchinson, son of the late Thos. Hutchinson, Esq.

GARROW-WOODS—On February 16, at old St. Andrew's church, by Rev. Dr. Milligan, David P. Garrow to Edith M. Woods, all of Toronto.

DEATHS.

MACKAY—At his residence, 5 Queen's Park, Toronto, on Thursday, the 18th February, 1909, Donald Mackay, of the firm of Gordon, Mackay Co., Limited, in his 84th year.

MACMILLAN—At 478 Euclid avenue, Feb. 23, 1909, Sarah, widow of the late Jas. Macmillan.

SANDHAM—At Folkestone, England, on 24th February, suddenly, General Robert Sandham, R.A.

SOCIETY

TWO engagements have been announced this week, which have interested society in Toronto. One is between Miss Kathleen Gordon, only daughter of Mr. Colin F. Gordon, and Mr. W. Willcocks Baldwin, and the other between Mr. Gordon T. Jennings, son of the late W. T. Jennings, and Miss Muriel Millichamp, daughter of Mr. Reuben Millichamp. Miss Gordon has been spending some time with relatives in the West Indies and returned home recently. It is not flattery to say that it would be difficult to name four young people in Toronto who have a larger share of the esteem and affection of their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Homer Dixon have returned to Winnipeg after a pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith at the Grange. Mrs. Homer Dixon, nee Cameron, of Winnipeg, has captured all hearts, and is a very charming and attractive bride.

Three pretty petite maidens at the Rose ball, who had a great deal of attention were Miss Garrow, Miss Julie Gillespie and Miss Margeurite Fleury. Miss Norma Armstrong was a popular girl in pink pailletted with gold, and came with her mother. Among the young matrons, Mrs. Leigh Hammond, all in black, with a black plume in her coiffure looked particularly well, as did also Mrs. Maughan in a very rich white satin gown, and carrying a handsome boquet.

A happy gathering of old friends was that of which Mrs. Frederick Jarvis was hostess at the tea hour, on Friday of last week. The spacious drawing rooms of her residence in Jarvis street were never crowded, but just comfortably filled. Mrs. Edmund Jarvis assisted her mother-in-law in the drawing-room, and the hostess looked more the *grande dame* than ever, in her rich black gown with some beautiful lace, and one of her dainty white tulle caps, caught with seed pearls, in pretty ruchings, and worn with the queenly air by which Mrs. Jarvis is always distinguished. The many rare and valuable bits of china in their cabinets, the old portraits and the lordly silver on the tea-table, are always admired by Mrs. Jarvis' guests. A party of girls including Miss Harris, Miss Webber, Miss Muriel Jarvis, and the grand-daughters and grandsons of the hostess, waited watchfully upon the guests.

A very smart and large audience turned out to the concert in Conservatory Hall last Saturday night, and Georgina Home in Beverley street, is probably much the richer in consequence. This institution, Mrs. Broughall's pet scheme, is a home for girls employed in business in the city, and combines comfort and economy in a gratifying manner. The home was formally opened last week.

Miss Aileen Folger of Kingston, returned home on Saturday, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Edgar Doward.

On Saturday last, quite a large number of friends spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles in their delightful studio in Bloor street west. Among those who enjoyed the pictures in such quaint surroundings and the simple and tempting little supper, served informally, were Miss Durand, who assisted the hostess. Mr. Wiley, of New York, Mrs. Charles Sampson, of Chicago, Lady Dorothy Smyly, Mrs. Lovell, Miss Leslie, of Buffalo, Miss Lake, and many of the *habitues* of these Saturday reunions.

The Trinity lecture this afternoon at 3.30 will be the rendevouz for the usual large gathering, who so much anticipate the Lenten course. After the lecture there will be tea served in the entrance hall, and little parties will also be entertained, as usual, by the students and professors. Some of those who appreciate evensong in the pretty chapel will stop for prayers after the lecture and social hour.

Mr. Wheeldon, who had been quite indisposed with grippe, was well enough to give a very delightful programme at his recital last week. This afternoon a fine programme is offered, and from four to five many will drop into the Metropolitan to enjoy it.

There will be no baseball games at the Armouries to-night, but next Saturday will be a most interesting evening, the final games being scheduled for that date, and the prizes are to be presented after which the officers will entertain.

The many friends of Mrs. Robert Defries and Miss Defries, who wended their way to Riverdale on Monday, Feb. 15, were well repaid for their long trip by the happy scene the old-fashioned house presented in honor of St. Valentine. The tea table was particularly unique, decked out with scarlet ribbon, carnations and hearts of all sizes pierced by silver arrows, the work of the clever hostesses. Those assisting were: Mrs. Fitzgerald. Mrs. Anderson, Miss Nellie Allen, Miss Ferguson, Miss Fraser, and Miss Crane.

At time of writing the very serious condition of Mrs. Christie's health was the subject of anxious thought by her children and grand children. The aged lady was extremely weak, and not expected to recover.

The election of Ven. Archdeacon Sweeny to the See of Toronto has pleased and gratified all who know his splendid qualities, and who heartily wish him many years of occupancy of his new office.

Mrs. L. V. Rorke gave an afternoon bridge at her charmingly pretty home, Madison avenue, on Thursday, Feb. 18. Eight tables were arranged and among the prize winners were Mrs. Ross Shaw, Mrs. Connolly, Misses Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. O'Sullivan, the Misses Beattie. Among those who came in at tea hour were Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. Norman Bastedo, Mrs. Lincoln Hunter, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. John Meredith, Mrs. A. H. Walker, Mrs. Green. Mrs. Chapin poured coffee, Mrs. Walker tea. The dining-room decorations were all in pale yellow, spring flowers on the polished table, with Parisian marble vases and yellow candles. Mrs. Rorke received in a really lovely gown of lace, inserted with heavy satin bands and corsage boquet of parma violets. In the tea-room Mrs. Rorke was assisted by Miss Street, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Harry Pettit. Mrs. O'Sullivan sang delightfully during the tea-hour.

Mr. Howard Ferguson, M.P.P., and Mrs. Ferguson are staying at the Arlington Hotel for the session.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Fischer announce the engagement of their daughter Nina Jeanne to Mr. John Wesley Wilson. The marriage will take place early in March.

The marriage is announced of Miss Marion McLean, B.A., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McLean, London, Ontario, to Athol Carr Harris, B.Sc., of Cananea, Mexico, son of Professor Carr-Harris, of Kingston and New Brunswick. The young couple will reside in Mexico for the present.

A former Torontonian was received at the White House in Washington at the President's and Mrs. Roosevelt's reception on Feb. 4. Miss Vera Hambly, daughter of the late Wm. S. Hambly, who is a student at the Martha Washington Seminary at the National Capital, under the instruction of the great German vocal teacher Heimendahl, was an invited guest at the recent reception given by the President and his wife. Miss Hambly was educated in the Toronto Public Schools and at Pickering College. She possesses unusual talent as a vocalist, and while en route to her mother's house in Pennsylvania, met several of Washington's most influential people, and made so favorable an impression upon them through her charming voice and refined manner, that an entrance was at once made for her to the most select society of that city. It is to be hoped that Miss Hambly will return to her native city in the near future, and enjoy the usual reception which is given to those who achieve such eminent success in other lands.

The United Empire Loyalists' Association of Ontario will give, under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency, The Right Honourable Earl Grey, K.C.M.G., Governor-General of Canada, and Sir James P. Whitney, K.C., K.B., Premier of Ontario, four presentations of "A Masque of Empire," by Mrs. St. Loe Strachey, of Guildford, Eng., in St. George's Hall, Elm St., on Thursday, March 18, 1909, and Saturday, March 20, 1909, afternoon and evening of both days. Though called "a Masque" from its picturesque features, the piece partakes of the character of "a Morality" and sets forth the Ideals, the Duties, and the Responsibilities of Empire. It is Britannia's Roll to her defences, to her daughter nations, Crown colonies, and dependencies; and will be represented by Ladies of Toronto, and groups of pupils from several of the Toronto Public Schools.

Miss Charlotte Ferguson, 404 Manning avenue, has returned after a most enjoyable visit in Ottawa, where she was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Aubrey McElhinney.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Georgina, daughter of Mrs. Rockcliffe-Knight, and the late George Rockcliffe-Knight, barrister, to Mr. Harvey N. McKenzie Stanbury, of St. John, N.B.

Herr Wilheling's many Toronto friends will be pleased to learn that he is rapidly recovering from a critical operation for appendicitis. The operation was performed by Prof. Schwalboch, one of Berlin's most prominent surgeons who, it is interesting to know, was the assistant of the first surgeon ever to attempt such an operation.

TORONTO'S NEW TAXICABS

Time was when any new idea or invention was looked upon with suspicion and conscientiously avoided; but that time is past, and the fact that the people are eagerly welcoming novelties and improvements is borne home upon anyone who has been near the Taxicab exhibit at the Automobile Show for the last few days.

Berna Motors & Taxicabs, Ltd., are inaugurating a Taxicab service in Toronto. In order to let the people of Toronto know the Taxicab and understand its workings it was their intention to put on exhibition at the Automobile Show one of their new Darracq vehicles, but although the makers tried to rush a car through, it was delayed in transit and the Berna people did the next best thing. They borrowed a taxicab which had been in use in New York City for over a year, and had it shipped on here by express. This is the machine they have been exhibiting, and it is none the less interesting to the public from the fact that it has seen service, as it shows what these cars will stand under the very trying conditions which prevail in metropolitan traffic, and the capital manner in which the operating companies keep up their cabs.

Although this car has been running 14 months, it had evidently received a new coat of paint very recently and the upholstery inside the cab was in excellent condition.

Hundreds of people have stepped into the car and listened to the demonstrator describe the workings of the taximeter in which all evidently were very much interested.

This taximeter is a mechanical attachment which is at once a recording and registering device. As a check on the driver the instrument registers as follows:

1st, the number of initial fares; 2nd, the number of 10c fare; 3rd, the amount of extras; 4th, the total number of half miles travelled; 5th, the total number of half miles travelled while the instrument is recording; 6th, the total number of times the instrument is not recording in fractions of five minutes each.

The method of using is as follows:

Attached to the taximeter is a little red flag bearing the words "For Hire." When this flag is upright the cab can be employed. Immediately the customer gets into the cab or the cab arrives at destination in response to a call, the driver turns the flag down, causing the instrument to at once register on the dial the initial fare of 20c, which covers the first half-mile. At the end of the half-mile another 10c is added to the amount that is shown on the dial for the next quarter of a mile, and so on, adding 10c for each quarter-mile traveled. If the machine is waiting for a customer the clock attachment will add 10c to your score for every 4 minutes of waiting. If you have extra baggage which cannot be taken inside the cab, the driver will register up on the dial 20c for each piece of baggage carried outside the cab. When you arrive at your destination you pay the driver the amount that is shown on the dial. There is no argument, no chance to kick, no chance for an overcharge.

The amount is shown on the dial, and that is all you have to pay.

The driver, after you pay the amount, immediately swings the flag up to an upright position, showing that the cab is disengaged.

The fare is the same, whether one or four persons are using the taxicab.

There is no doubt that the uncertainty of public carriage charges has kept many people from using cabs in the past, and when the quickness and convenience of the new vehicles, as well as the absolute certainty of the charge becomes known, that there will be a great demand for this new style of cab service.

In two weeks' time the taxicab will be in operation in the City of Toronto, and after they are established here they will be put into the cities of Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton and Winnipeg.

FOR EVERYONE IN THE HOME
Rarely can you make a wiser investment for the home than an investment in a
GERHARD HEINTZMAN
Self Playing Piano
Without music your home can never be complete. To know music—good music—is to-day as generally expected as to know good books.
For *one* investment—made *now*—you enlist this, the greatest of all teachers, for all the household at once. By *actually playing* they learn to appreciate—to distinguish the fine work of the great composers.
Let us tell you for what a reasonable investment you can secure this perfect instrument which plays the whole eighty-eight notes o fthe keyboard.
Your present instrument taken as part payment.
Gerhard Heintzman & Co., Limited
97 Yonge Street, Toronto
Hamilton Salesrooms: 127 King Street East.

PURE ESSENCE OF HEALTH FOOD
FOR THE HOUSEHOLD
PASTEURIZED
FOR PROTECTION
CERTIFIED
FOR THE INFANT
MODIFIED
THE PRICE PRODUCT
WHO IS PRICE?
He's the largest milk producer and the pioneer retailer of Toronto—who first pasteurized milk for general consumption—who modifies milk for infant feeding—who is now producing milk commission certified milk—he's the man who owns Erindale Farm, with 800 acres of meadows to help him out in his cause—he's most peoples' milk man—see that he's yours.
Main 7303-04-05

SHOPPING DISTRICT MOVING NORTHWARD.

Another old-established Toronto business to follow the northward trend of the shopping district is that of William Unser, late of 404 Spadina Avenue, the well known manufacturer of the very best grade of candy, cakes and ice cream.

This business was established twenty-four years ago, and Mr. Unser, adopting the policy that the best was none too good for his customers, has built up a lasting and growing trade, which has so expanded as to now demand larger premises and better facilities for handling it. These Mr. Unser has provided in his handsome new three-storey brick building at 490 Bloor Street West, near Brunswick Avenue. The building was erected under the owner's personal supervision, and he will now have the finest oven and bakery in the city, with lots of light and fresh air, and everything spotlessly clean.

The store proper, where the finest candy, cakes and ice cream, will be sold, is handsomely fitted up, and contains numerous little extra conveniences, including a neat toilet room for ladies, which will doubtless be appreciated by north end shoppers.

Mr. Unser is in a class by himself in his particular line of business, and continuing his old policy of using nothing but the very best of materials in goods of his manufacture, hopes to be able in his handsome new premises to please his customers even better than ever.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited

56 Years' Growth in Merchandising

A FORECAST OF SPRING MILLINERY

The advance showing in our Millinery Salon is very interesting, and as each case is opened it reveals a wondrous display of color. The monotone idea is vanquished by a riot of color, but only in the case of the flower trimmed hat for those of straw and feathers are more or less subdued in tone. Small flowers are used, not to the exclusion of the larger bloom, but enough to warrant special mention. Blue Bells in all shades are used, Roses, both large and small, Wistaria, Carnations, in fact, practically every flower wild or cultivated and some that would prove puzzling to the most expert botanist are abloom in the Millinery market. It is the profusion in which they are used and the daring color combinations which result from this tangle which are really most interesting.

O'K

Extra Mild, Remember

Many people would drink ale, in preference to all other malt beverages, if ale did not make them bilious.

This O'K brew is brewed especially for those people. It is extra mild and extra light, and lets you enjoy the creamy deliciousness of real old English ale without the heaviness and excessive bitterness.

O'Keefe's

Special Extra Mild ALE

"The Beer that is always O.K."

30

New Rugs Arriving

We are opening new bales of Turkish and Persian Rugs every few days, as our spring shipments arrive through the custom house. The lots include many very handsome specimens of Bokharas, Serebend and Cashmere carpets, Tabriz and Kirmanshah rugs.

Come and See the Fresh Assortments

We remind the public that our representatives in Constantinople and other rug centres are able to pick up the most desirable rugs and get them at much lower prices than Europeans can get them. This enables us to sell at lower prices than any other dealers and an inspection of the quality, patterns and colors of our rugs will convince anyone. Rugs sent on approval to out of town patrons. Write for a copy of our new illustrated booklet.

Courian, Babayan & Co.

40 King St. East. Opp. King Edward Hotel

THE STAFF OF LIFE

May as well be palatable since it is the staple food article in every household. Our Bakestuff hits the palate just right. If you want a loaf of pure and sweet bread you want

TOMLIN'S NEW TEA LOAF

H. G. TOMLIN 420 Bathurst St.

PHONE COLLEGE 3561

SHOPPING IN PARIS

(*Continued from page 9.*)

with two trays full of the desired articles, a pair of which were duly selected, paid for and carried off by Lucy herself.

We left the shop by a door on the Comedie Francaise side. When we got over to the omnibus station, I noticed Kate's bag was open. I called her attention to it and said I hoped she had not lost anything. She gave a start and looked into it. The old leather purse was gone.

"Not much in it, I hope?" I said.

"A five dollar gold piece, and the sovereign I got in change from the card case," she replied briefly. I was going to say something about her not having given me the purse to take care of, but glancing at her face I—I thought I wouldn't.

"Now, let's go and look for my ring," said Lucy, who is as persevering as a cat.

I pretended not to hear, but said: "Now girls, tea. Then we can decide what to do next." A taximeter was passing by good luck; I made the insane "hissing" sound by which one calls a cab in Paris; the driver drew up; I bundled the girls in and balancing myself on the little seat in front—"Salle de the Anglaise, rue de Rivoli" I shouted. In three minutes we were at that delightful establishment; in five more we were seated at a cosy table, with tea, English muffins and thin bread and butter, and all felt "much better, thank you."

I made up my accounts, and found there was no money left for Lucy's ring, unless they would accept a loan from me, which they declined. It was decided to return to the hotel, which was only a couple of minutes away. I handed over my parcels, said farewell, and "bon voyage" with a feeling of undisguised relief.

As I lit a cigar, on my walk homeward to change for dinner, I registered a solemn vow that the next time any ladies suggested my accompanying them on a shopping expedition in Paris, as interpreter, or in any other capacity, I would throw all consideration of the example of George Washington to the winds, and say that I had been telegraphed for to proceed at once to Madrid, and was leaving for Spain by an early morning train.

SEEING IS BELIEVING!

A United States agency that is selling books has a man who ought to write folders. Here is a sample:

"A tour of the world! What a fascinating prospect these magic words conjure up! A tour of the world! The first enchanting glimpse into the lands that lie beyond our doors; the mingling with entirely new peoples, the viewing of strange scenes and customs; the phenomenal mind broadening it effects; the liberal education it conveys. Perhaps you have longed many times to make this marvellous trip yourself, only to be obliged to dispel the idea because of business, health, family ties, or the question of finances. Is this so?"

Our answer to the question is, call upon any city passenger agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, get the tickets and see the things as they are, instead of staying at home and thinking how they may be. One thing is certain, wherever you want to go, whatever part of the continent or of the world, no company can take you as far or look after you as well as the C.P.R.

DELIGHTFUL WEEK-END TRIPS TO ST. CATHARINES AND NIAGARA FALLS.

For those who cannot find time or stand expense of visiting the charming resorts of the Sunny South, Mexico or California, attention is directed to the admirable service of the Grand Trunk Railway System to above week-end points.

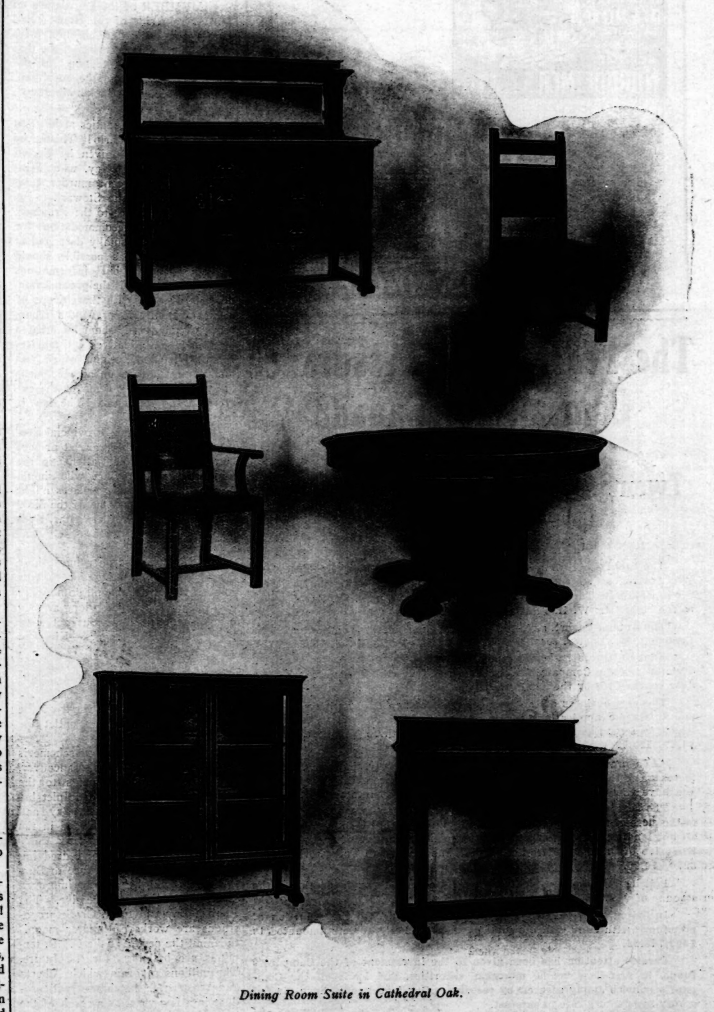
Leaving Toronto 9 a.m., 4.05 p.m., and 6.10 p.m., St. Catharines is reached in less than two hours, and the Falls a few minuter later. Handsome buffet-parlor cars are run on 9 a.m. and 4.05 p.m. trains, and the 6.10 p.m. has a cafe-parlor car and also a Pullman. The Grand Trunk buffet, cafe and dining car service is noted for its excellence. It is a pleasure to enjoy a nicely cooked meal, broiled chicken, steak or chop, a delicious salad, etc., well served, while traveling over a smooth roadbed at a 50-mile gait, and on the only double-track line.

Further information at City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge Streets, 'Phone Main 4209.

The finest leaves from Ceylon tea plantations are contained in "Salada" Tea. It is packed in sealed lead packets to preserve its delicious flavor and aroma. Sold by all grocers; never by peddlers, or in bulk.

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. Robert Laidlaw and Mr. John Northway.

John Kay Company, Limited



Dining Room Suite in Cathedral Oak.

— BY —

John Kay Company, Limited

36 and 38 King Street West, TORONTO

ELIMINATE WASTE

By using *Electric Motors* in your factory or shop. Cheaper to operate than steam or gas, engine plants, requires less shafting and belting, saves friction losses, which average 50 p.c. of entire load, available 24 hours each day. Motors may be installed whenever power is required, no need to start a whole plant to run a single machine.

Call Main 3975 and our representative will call.

TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited
12 Adelaide Street East

FOWNES GLOVES

Travel in Good Society

LABATT'S ALE

Is not artificially charged with gas (carbonated) as are some ales, but is allowed to mature in the natural way. Not pasteurized, it retains the delicate flavor and aroma of the hops and malt. Taken before meals, it stimulates the appetite and prevents constipation.

PURE
WHOLESOME
PALATABLE
BEVERAGE

ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

Art Galleries 165 King St. W.

37th Annual Exhibition of Paintings.

NOW OPEN

ADMISSION 25c.

STEINWAY
THE WORLD RENOWNED PIANO
SOLE AGENCY
NORDHEIMER'S 15 KING EAST

NORDHEIMER
PIANOS
ESTABLISHED 1840
Nordheimer Pianos give perfect pleasure to the performer as well as the listener—representing the highest type of elegance and the best standards of musical excellence and durability.
15 KING EAST

The Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada

Twenty-seventh Annual Statement

DIRECTORS' REPORT

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the Company's Home Office in Hamilton, Tuesday, 16th February, 1909, at 2 p.m., Mr. David Dexter in the chair, Mr. W. H. Davis, Acting Secretary.

The Annual Report, as follows, was read and adopted, on motion of the President, Mr. Dexter, seconded by Vice-President Lieut.-Col. Kerns:

Your Directors have the honor to present the Report and Financial Statement of the Company for the year which closed 31st December, 1908, duly vouched for by the Auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of two thousand six hundred and thirty-one applications for insurance, aggregating $3,713,609.36, of which two thousand four hundred and twenty-three applications for $3,377,723.33 were accepted.

As in previous years, the income of the Company shows a gratifying increase,and the assets of the Company have been increased by $314,383.91, and have now reached $3,314,856.65, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for Policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to $4,184,856.65, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, $3,045,786.00, showing a surplus of $1,140,070.65. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to Policyholders was $270,070.65.

Policies on ninety-seven lives became claims through death, to the amount of $162,160.56.

Including Cash Dividends and Dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, with annuities, the total payment to Policyholders amounted to $303,743.23.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the Company's funds, in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the Company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded a very satisfactory rate of interest.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business. The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the Directors for your approval show an advance of nearly ten and one-half per cent. in assets.

The assurances carried by the Company now amount to $20,186,400.61, upon which the Company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

You are to be congratulated on the fact that the surplus over Capital and all Liabilities increased $56,154.65, or nearly seventy per cent., during the past year.

The field officers and agents of the Company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the Company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful to the Company's service.

Your Directors are pleased to be able to state that the business of the Company for the past two months of the current year has been of a most satisfactory character, and that the outlook for the future is most encouraging.

DAVID DEXTER, President and Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company:

Gentlemen: We have carefully audited the books and records of your Company for the year ending 31st December last, and have certified to their accuracy.

The Cash and Journal Vouchers have been closely examined and agree with the entries recorded.

The Cash Book has been verified by certificate, the total agreeing with the amount as shown in the Statement. Bonds have been inspected, whilst those deposited with the Government or Banks have been verified by certificate, the total agreeing with the amount as shown in the Statement of Assets.

The accompanying Statements, viz., Revenue and Expenditure, Assets and Liabilities, show the result of the year's operations and also the financial position of the Company.

Respectfully submitted,
H. S. STEPHENS, CHARLES STIFF, } Auditors.

Hamilton, 1st February, 1909.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1908

RECEIPTS.		
Premium and Annuity Income	$675,004.35	
Interest, Rents and Profits	161,852.96	
		$836,857.31
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Paid to Policyholders	$303,743.23	
All other Payments	226,110.93	
Balance	297,004.65	
		$836,857.31
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31st, 1908.		
Debentures and Bonds	$1,073,735.71	
Mortgages	863,262.51	
Loans on Policies, Bonds, Stocks, etc.	624,104.10	
All other Assets	753,754.33	
		$3,314,856.65
LIABILITIES.		
Reserve Fund	$2,983,472.00	
Death Losses awaiting Proofs	36,675.00	
Other Liabilities	14,622.00	
Surplus on Policyholders Account	270,070.65	
		$3,314,856.65
Assets	$3,314,856.65	
Guarantee Capital	870,000.00	
Total Security	$4,184,856.65	
Policies were issued Assuring	$3,377,723.33	
Total Insurance in Force	20,128,400.61	

After the adoption of the Report the retiring Directors were re-elected for the ensuing year. At a subsequent meeting of the Directors the retiring officers and the executive committee were re-elected.

What Canadian Editors are Saying

A MEMBER of the Legislature on either side of the House could hardly find a better question with which to become identified than that of better police protection for the country at large, and the rural sections in particular.—Guelph Mercury.

* * *

Three thousand lunatics at large in the Province of Ontario! This is the alarming statement given by Crown Attorney W. G. McKay, who is interested in the recent murder committed by the lunatic Stewart.

A stalking menace to the Province, indeed, and no accommodation for one-fifth of the mentally deranged at large. As many as possible should be apprehended, but informations must be laid to cover the ground thoroughly. It rests with the citizens of each community to prevent a recurrence of the recent shambles created by a madman. Relatives will unwisely shield from the stigma of an asylum those who are unbalanced mentally. Public safety demands the exercise of no sentiment. The law is iron-handed.

Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary, says that there are at present between 500 and 600 patients in the asylums of the province who should not be there and whose places might well be occupied by some of the 3,000 at large.—Daily Northern Star, Sudbury.

* * *

What sort of morality have these people who go hunting for railway passes and cut tickets and do not care who does the stealing so long as they can travel cheap? Let us get after the immoral passengers.—Kingston Whig.

* * *

Newspaper men, business men, railway men, in fact, every live interest in Vancouver, is taking hold of the question of providing an outlet for the western grain.

A most elaborate harbor scheme is now being evolved in Vancouver. Not only are improvements to the splendid harbor in Burrard Inlet being planned, but English Bay and False Creek are also included in the proposals.

With some blasting and dredging at the Narrows, the entrance to Burrard Inlet will be greatly improved and the cost is not excessive. The English Bay and False Creek propositions are works of greater magnitude, but the people at the C.P.R. terminus are building for the future. The millions of grain which Alberta and Western Saskatchewan will produce in a few years as a result of the improved opportunities for railway transportation arising from the building of more lines in both provinces, must find its way to foreign markets along the line of least resistance. The people of the Pacific coast are doing their best to attract it in their direction, by improving their harbor, erecting elevators and providing for the expeditious and economical handling of the prairie crops.—Calgary Herald.

* * *

The completion of the second dam on the Nile abolishes the need for a modern Joseph. Like the Assouan barrage, the new dam at Esnach so regulates the river waters for irrigation purposes that all danger of famine is averted. The successful conclusion of these giant undertakings furnishes just another instance of the benefits of British rule and the value of British engineering genius in Africa and Asia. As the Khedive recently observed: "British rule is good. It has made my people happier, has lightened their burdens, and has administered justice without regard to wealth or person." In praising the benevolent efficiency of the British regime in India President Roosevelt has added his personal and official tribute to England's genius for serving the weaker races.—Toronto News.

THE INDICATOR FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE POINTS SOUTH

While the climate and scenery of Ontario appeals to lovers of nature in the summer months, there is no denying the fact that a great many people find the changeable spring months hard to bear and they long to visit the milder climate of the Sunny South, California, Mexico, Florida, etc. The excellent service of the Grand Trunk Railway System and connecting lines, make these touring resorts easily accessible, moreover, the rates are very reasonable. Placing a trip within reach of not only the rich but also those in moderate circumstances.

Full information regarding rates, etc., may be obtained from C. E. Horning, C.P. & T.A., northwest corner King and Yonge streets, 'Phone Main 4209.

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Would you smoke THE FINEST CIGAR sold in all Canada?
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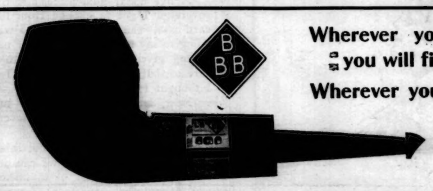

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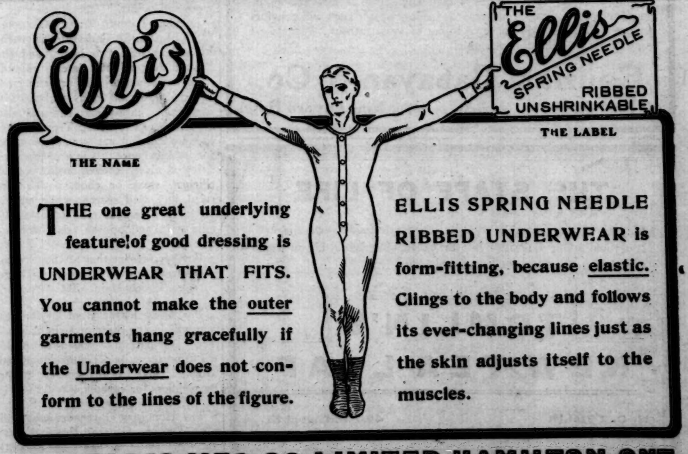

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